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THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL
By THE EDITORS

MUSSOLINI'S TWILIGHT
By MARY TESTA

DETROIT'S MODEL-V
By A. B. MAGIL

ANSWER TO JOHN L. LEWIS
By BRUCE MINTON

THE CHANDLER CONSPIRACY
AN EDITORIAL ARTICLE

BOOK REVIEWS BY BERNHARD J. STERN, MORRIS U. SCHAPPES, THOMAS L. HARRIS, HARRY TAYLOR, JOY DAVIDMAN.

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Maybe you don't think that five or ten dollars—or just one—means much when thousands are needed. To New Masses it may mean the difference between life and death. A dollar is a dollar, considered by itself—but why consider it by itself? There are thousands of you who read this, thousands who own this magazine, who would feel that if it perished something essential to you had perished. Multiply a dollar by those thousands and New Masses will continue to live.

We won't go again into the reasons why it must not die—or why it is in mortal danger. That was told you last week on this page by the letter from Richard O. Boyer, Earl Browder, Vito Marcantonio, Paul Robeson. Many of you answered their words with those one-dollar, five-dollar, ten-dollar contributions. But we need still more; we are $15,973 short of our minimum requirement for life, the $40,000 goal we set for this year. The $24,027 we have received so far has kept NM going but it will be of no avail for the future if we can't raise the amount still missing. That is why we depend on you, on your dollar. You will hardly miss it, while NM . . . NM needs it now, TODAY.

(FOR YOUR RESPONSE, PLEASE USE COUPON ON PAGE 28)

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NM SPOTLIGHT

All French Fighters

THE dictates of common sense would rule that the de Gaulle-Giraud impasse be speedily terminated. No one aware of the stakes involved could lend credence to the argument offered a few weeks ago that unity negotiations be postponed until Tunisia was captured. Political discussions, it was said, would jeopardize the outcome of the campaign. These excuses were never real and now that the south shore of the Mediterranean is in Allied hands they have no validity at all. But the truth is that an ominous ghost has stood between Giraud and de Gaulle which would not countenance the emergence of the underground as the only popular force in France. Giraud is not exactly a free agent. In matters related to building unity there have been master minds in London and Washington who mapped his strategy and it is they who must be finally judged responsible for the delay, the wrangling. Undoubtedly it was they who spoke through Giraud when he proposed that de Gaulle meet him in some remote town in North Africa where Fighting French opinion is submerged. And now that such fancy schemes have proved unacceptable, it is they undoubtedly who have altered Giraud's mind so that he has finally invited de Gaulle to meet him in Algiers for the unity conferences.

REALITIES are always stern and the sternest aspect of the French scene is that the tide has swung relentlessly behind the Fighting French. The new Council of Resistance, a magnificent national front development comprised of major groups from left to right, is supporting the Committee in London. Such conservatives as Louis Jacquinot, undersecretary of the Interior in the Reynaud cabinet in 1940, might have been expected to become a Giraud partisan. Instead he joined the de Gaullists after his recent escape from France. Last week Ferdinand Grenier, the Communist deputy working with the Fighting French, outlined the plans which the underground has prepared for a mass uprising to coincide with an Allied invasion. In other words the dispatches tell us that everything is in readiness and that de Gaulle is the acknowledged leader. The only large obstacles that must be removed are those disruptive projects manufactured in some corridors of the foreign departments both here and in England.

"If he will make us Kentucky colonels, I'll make him a retired field marshal."

Fascism by Attainder

THERE is a nightmarish quality to the antics of the Dies-Kerr group in the House. Anti-democratic legislators are allowed to conduct star-chamber investigations without jury, without defense counsel, with disregard of all laws of evidence. American citizens are deprived of jobs because they dare hate Hitlerism. The House solemnly enacts a bill of attainder, flouting the Constitution and giving the appeasers a field day.

The facts are: Drs. William Dodd, Goodwin Watson, and Robert Morss Lovett were branded "subversive" by the malignant Dies committee. The House empowered still another committee, headed by John H. Kerr of North Carolina, to review the evidence. Behind closed doors the Kerr committee "discovered" that three government employes once held membership in, or were associated with, or merely attended meetings of, various broad organizations which were outspokenly anti-fascist and frankly opposed to violations of civil liberties. Worse still, the three accused joined with the overwhelming majority of the American people in condemning butcher Franco, and expressing sympathy with the democratic government of Spain. The Kerr committee declared such associations and such attitudes were "crimes." Thereupon, the House violated the Constitution by amending an appropriation bill to withhold salaries from these men—in other words, to fire them—although responsible heads of the agencies for which they worked had refused to discharge them.

Chairman Kerr, whose committee now fronts for the obscene Dies inquisition, was asked on the floor of the House: "Did the gentleman's committee find whether these men or any one of them is doing anything that in the committee's judgment

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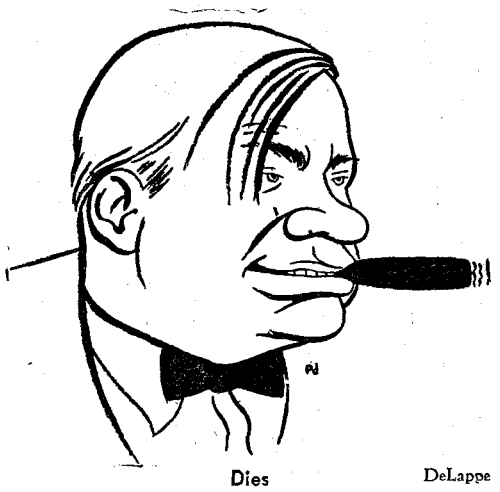
would obstruct the winning of the war?" Representative Kerr responded: "We did not go into that phase of the question."

Secretary Ickes, appearing before the Senate Appropriations Committee to defend Dr. Lovett, declared—and his words apply as well to the other defendants: "The only satisfactory or fair test is how the man is doing his job. . . . Yet the Kerr subcommittee not only denied the right of counsel, but conducted its interrogation in a secret session, the transcript of which is still unavailable. This, I submit, is not the American way of doing things. This indeed is an 'un-American' activity. . . ." Ickes denounced the Kerr charges as "a pretty weak pail of garbage," and condemned the House action against the three anti-fascists as "an unconstitutional usurpation of legislative power . . . a performance which this democracy cannot tolerate."

Deadly Farce

WHILE the Dies-Kerr performance was going on, a poll-tax congressman accused of accepting an illegal fee for lobbying, was authorized to "investigate" his accusers. Attorney-General Biddle has in his possession the full details of the serious charges brought against Eugene E. Cox of Georgia by the Federal Communications Commission. Biddle has the obligation, the *legal* obligation, to present this evidence to the federal grand jury. But he does not act because Cox threatens him with the wrath of Martin Dies, Howard Smith, Hamilton Fish, Clare Hoffman. And Cox himself is granted the powers and authority of Congress to persecute the FCC for daring to challenge his doubtful practice.

Commissioner Clifford Durr of the FCC, refusing to be intimidated, has appealed to the House to correct the unprecedented procedure involved in this situation. But Cox goes ahead, summoning members of the FCC staff, questioning them alone behind closed doors, and requisitioning FCC documents and files so that this important war agency can no longer function.



Dies DeLappe

Such performances—Biddle's refusal to do his job, Cox' attempt to kill off his accusers, the Kerr-Dies Gestapo hunt, the House majority's endorsement of this slander of democracy, the Red-baiting that echoes Radio Berlin—permit only one answer: protest, concerted public protest against these shows whose farcical qualities are no less perilous for being farcical.

Open the Door

NOT long ago twenty Chinese seamen on a British ship were denied shore leave after a long journey through the war zone. When they asked the captain for it, he had them beaten by company thugs.

It is no secret that the British and Dutch merchant marine severely exploit Chinese sailors. In consequence, these seamen often jump ship in American ports, preferring our own merchant marine with its more equitable conditions.

And what protection can they find here? Well, we have a thing called the Chinese Exclusion Act. China has given the whole world lessons in how to fight. China is our valued and respected ally; we cheer her leaders, like Madame Chiang Kai-shek, when they visit us. Many Chinese serve with distinction in our own armed forces. But we have a Chinese Exclusion Act; Chinese cannot enter this country legally as immigrants, and those who have entered in the past cannot become citizens of this country, because they are Chinese; they can only die for it.

Congress is at present considering repeal of this shameful act, and high time too. But its existence has made possible the introduction of a still more discriminatory measure. It is proposed that Congress pass a law authorizing the deportation of Chinese in this country to Great Britain, so that they may be forced into the British merchant marine against their will.

Consider the implications of this piece of barbarism. We are implicitly denying the human rights of citizens to one of our greatest allies. We are explicitly reducing them to slaves, if we pass this bill, shipping them overseas like cattle, for the crime of being Chinese. Among those rounded up for deportation is a young man who has received an honorable discharge from the US Army.

Congressman Dickstein, who introduced the deportation bill, is now investigating the cases of seamen held for deportation. The case of the bill itself is clear; there is no circumstance which can justify the United States acting as a press gang to force the citizens of one ally into the merchant ships of another. The Dickstein bill must be rejected, and the Chinese Exclusion Act and all discriminatory racist measures against the Chinese people repealed.

Ugly Word

MAIL order houses in this country do a considerable business in contraceptives. Of course, they do not call their products contraceptives; they speak of "feminine hygiene," they employ fantastic tradenames. . . . Under such hypocritical labels contraceptive equipment travels freely through the mails; catalogues and magazines advertising these goods do the same. And much of what travels is worthless, unreliable, or even dangerous to health. The contraceptive business runs to more than $250,000,000 yearly, but there is no effective federal supervision, no protection for the consumer. Official policy is to ignore the traffic altogether.

To remedy this lack at least in part, Consumers Union has at the instance of physicians and social workers prepared a detailed analysis of these products entitled *Contraceptive Materials*. It is a scientific report on the various brands of goods sold, exposing the unsafe types; and it is designed for doctors, social workers, and married couples who have been advised by a physician to use contraceptives. At this point the United States Post Office steps in. Does it forbid the mailing of the unsafe brands? Oh, no. It bars the mails, under a ruling against "lewd publications," to the Consumers Union report!

One would have thought the ostrich policy in matters of sex a thing of the past. Until a few years ago we tabooed the mention of syphilis. We paid for that in one of the highest syphilis rates in the world, in death and disfigurement and blindness and agony. We have learned better.

For years puritanical pressure groups have barred sex education from the schools. We have paid for that in maladjustments and unhappiness, in the smashed lives of adolescents, in increased numbers of what are called delinquent girls. Have we learned anything?

Apparently the US Post Office has not. Its order appeases at one stroke the bluenose pressure groups and the manufacturers of dangerous goods, leaving the public without any protection whatever. Tabooing the *word* contraceptive, the Post Office gives its tacit blessing to any conceivable misuse of the *thing*. Consumers Union plans to fight this ban in the federal courts. Its fight should be supported by everyone who values this country's health.

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The Communist International

THE proposal for dissolution of the Communist International was indeed momentous. And it is regarded so by genuine anti-fascists as well as by Hitler and his adherents in all lands. News of this historic development came shortly before we went to press and we do not have a full register of reactions at hand, but enough are here to evaluate their sum. Everywhere it was rightly interpreted—too often with basic misconceptions of the Communist International's role—as a further impulsion toward national and international unity in the war against the Axis.

To fully grasp the significance of the proposal one must evaluate the work of the Communist International since its inception in 1919.

To many millions its role was clouded by misconceptions engendered by the "Anti-Comintern" plotters in Berlin and their proselytes within the various nations. Martin Dies was the chief obfuscator in this country (like Goebbels he too was caught off-guard and was constrained to say that now perhaps his committee could terminate its activities—a belated confession that he was never genuinely concerned with the ostensible purposes of his group: the exposure and riddance of fascist activities in America.) Through the years Dies was abetted by the anti-Soviet Social-Democrats and the Trotskyist saboteurs. Goebbels' job, too, was clear; the Communist International had called fascism's number years ago; most memorably in 1935 at its Seventh World Congress when the working classes and peoples generally were urged to form popular fronts against fascism's encroachments. Collective security was the slogan on the international front. The keynote everywhere was unity against the aggressor—unity within, unity without. For that unity the Communist International had toiled unceasingly. (Had its counsels been adequately heeded, this war need never have occurred.) Goebbels, therefore, had to conspire against the increasing prestige of the Communist International and to besmirch its proposals and intentions. For many millions in all lands had come to accept the International's warnings: that fascism was the main enemy and that it could bring in its train only cataclysmic war and worldwide enslavement.

THE war has deepened that understanding and confirmed the acumen of the Communist International in all the confusing swirls of world history prior to the outbreak of hostilities. Today many millions are uniting against fascism, regardless of political and religious affiliations. The Communist International has done its job: as an international center it had helped the various parties and working class movements to attain maturity. It became clear, even before the war, Dimitrov points out, that the organizational form for uniting the workers as chosen by the First Congress of the Communist International had become outdated. The times required new forms, new methods. The conditions of this war made it impossible to maintain a single guiding center; moreover, considering the maturity of the Communist Parties, and the degree of their development in finding solutions for the specific problems of their nations, the Communist International had become unnecessary. Marxism teaches that times bring changes, and requirements of one day become unessential in another. Marxists have "never advocated the preservation of those organizational forms which have become obsolete." This was evidenced many a time: the first classic instance was Marx' dissolution of the First International which he originally formed, when this organization was no longer needed.

IN REPLY to the libels upon the Communists here, and in every country, we must draw attention to the indigenous nature of their parties. It was, for too long a time, the custom among native fascist groupings and in those circles they influenced, to contend that the Communist Party was an "importation" from Moscow. That this is a libel is obvious to any honest observer. Everywhere Communists have sprung from the grass-roots of their peoples. Nobody is more Chinese than Mao-Tse-tung; nobody more French than Andre Marty; none more Cuban than Blas Roca: these men sprung from their native tradition. In our country Earl Browder is a Kansan; William Z. Foster a New Englander. They, and the party they lead, were deeply influenced by the traditions of our country and of its labor movement. The Communist Party is on a straight line from Marxists like Joseph Weydemeyer who was commissioned a colonel by Abraham Lincoln; it derives from the best traditions of the old Knights of Labor, the IWW, the native Socialist movement before 1919. And, as true patriots, Communists ever bear the banner of internationalism.

Indeed, the New York *Herald Tribune* was right in noting, May 23, that revolutionary socialism on an *international* basis "will not die." It will "wax or wane, spontaneously" so long as the world is plagued by wars or the impoverishment of economic disasters. These fundamental truths must be recognized to negate the Dies' dictum that Communist Parties are "foreign," alien to the national spirit. For that lie is the instrument the Anti-Comintern used to estrange us from our natural ally, the USSR, in its effort to whip up a worldwide "crusade" against the Soviets.

WE CANNOT in this space deal further with many aspects of the momentous proposal; we shall continue the discussion in subsequent issues. So far as this proposal concerns the American Communist Party we must recall that it disaffiliated from the Communist International in 1940. As Earl Browder said, the proposal does not affect organizationally the status of the Communist Party of the United States, which in the past three years, "maintained no affiliation outside the borders of our country." To those who continue to belabor the party and its intentions, he repeats his Party's well known position: it will continue "to fight with all its strength, as it has in the past period, for the complete unity of the United Nations, for international labor unity, and for national unity within our country, to win the unconditional surrender of the Hitler regime and its allies, Japan and Italy, and an ordered and peaceful world when victory is achieved."

THE EDITORS.

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THE CHANDLER CONSPIRACY

Mr. Churchill's reply to the plot of the Pacific Firsters. Some fish hooked in the Rhine and served with a Goebbels sauce. John L. Lewis as wrecker. An editorial.

RICHLY couched and full of those Churchillian touches that have blazoned his name as a speaker, the British Prime Minister occupied the rostrum of both houses of Congress and reviewed the military scene. Viewed from one angle, his was a speech made under the duress of a handful of Senate wreckers. And it is to their everlasting shame that the leader of an Allied government was compelled to center his remarks on strategic matters which were sealed and agreed upon months ago. If there was any doubt about the British fighting in the Pacific through the last mile into Tokyo, Mr. Churchill settled that. ("I am here to tell you that we will wage that war side by side with you . . . while there is breath in our bodies and while blood flows through our veins.") If there was any doubt that the defeat of Germany was first on the coalition's agenda, Mr. Churchill settled that. ("In our conferences . . . it was evident that while the defeat of Japan would not mean the defeat of Germany, the defeat of Germany would infallibly mean the ruin of Japan.") If there was any doubt that the Russians are holding the major battleline of the war, Mr. Churchill's answer was clear and unqualified. ("Not for one moment must we forget that the main burden of the war on land is still being borne by the Russian Army.")

But even this reiteration of the basic pattern of our strategy could hardly convince a member of the appeaser general staff in the upper house. Senator Chandler had other fish to fry—fish hooked in the Rhine and served with a tart Goebbels sauce. Talking from one corner of his mouth, Mr. Chandler demanded a shift of the war from Europe to Asia. Our objectives on the Atlantic side have been achieved and little remains to be done there now that Hitler's fortress will crumble under the blasts of Chandler's hot air. But from the other corner of the senator's mouth we get the ramifications of a conspiracy which held the breathless attention of his colleagues-in-arms — Senators Wheeler, Bridges, Brooks, Clark, Vandenberg, Shipstead, and Tydings. And what is that plot which finds so many vociferous exponents? Nothing short of the complete rupture of relations among the Allies with the main target the USSR.

Turn to the *Congressional Record* of May 17 for the full report of a debate that will go down as the blackest in this war's history. "What sort of peace in Europe can we establish," Chandler blurted, "if we have to turn all our strength into the war with Japan and the Soviet Union is at peace, free to use the pressure of all its strength in Europe." These words assuredly are the Kentucky senator's but the inspiration has its source in Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse. Chandler's three-hour tirade, however, was merely the setting for the more clever gentlemen on the Senate floor who popped out of their seats at appropriate moments to make those interjections that complete the whole dirty canvas. Wheeler, for example, actually charged that the Russians were in collusion with the Japanese by furnishing them with a weather station on Kamchatka for use against the Americans. His authority is characteristically anonymous: "I am told by military people, who ought to know." What all this downright falsification adds up to is that the Soviet Union is really the foe of all the United Nations and the United States in particular.

SUCH is the calculated political strategy which radiates from the enemy to a group of senators. But it does not stop there, for in the past week Chandler's remarks received the thunderous applause of appeaser columnists and newspapers and special praise from the New York *Daily News*, from Arthur Krock in the New York *Times* and from the Chicago *Tribune*. For his services in disparaging Great Britain the publisher of the *Tribune*, Colonel McCormick, was singled out by the Japanese radio as an "extremely charming character" of which "America today needs many more." The timing also has been perfect. The military events that impend in the West, the fact of Mr. Davies' presence in Moscow with a note from the President, Mr. Churchill's visit here, the current negotiations for a new lend-lease arrangement with the Soviet Union, the food conference—all these are driving the defeatists to a renewed frenzy of diversion and wrecking in which their supposed interests in the Pacific are mere camouflage to obscure their dread of Hitler's downfall.

For no competent analyst of our strategy can really believe, as Mr Churchill pointed out, that the doom of Tokyo also spells the doom of Berlin. It is in the western end of the axis that its strength is concentrated. The industrial potential of occupied Europe is superior to the Mikado's. And as Colonel T. on page 8 points out, Japan produces less than 10,000,000 metric tons of steel annually while Nazi-controlled Europe turns out almost four times as much. There can be no doubt then which country can manufacture more heavy guns, tanks, and planes. Nor has Japan's capture of sources of raw material in southeast Asia changed this relationship inasmuch as Japanese industry is not geared to engorge the whole loot. Furthermore, Nazidom is nearer the vital centers of the three Allies—the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union—and after four years of warfare is closer to exhaustion than Japan. These are some of the critical factors that determine strategy, a strategy that does not neglect the war in Asia. Assistance to our Chinese ally must increase to the maximum while a two-front war in Europe writes off Hitler and releases the additional military forces needed for victory in the East.

If the Chandler cabal had their way Washington and London would shift their entire fleets, their entire complement of men and equipment to the Pacific, while Britain and the Soviet Union are left to the tender mercies of the still immensely powerful Wehrmacht. The Nazis delight in such advice, for it means the dispersal of Allied fighting power. It is exactly the strategy in which Berlin would never engage. Hitler would laugh in Tojo's face if he asked him to forget the war in Europe and come east if he could.

In the past two weeks defeatist military strategy has finally become linked with de-

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featist politics. For the war has reached a stage where the monster of Europe can no longer have confidence in retrieving what he has already lost. Festung Europa is a cage from which he cannot escape. His confidence now shifts to a trust in a negotiated peace as the outcome of a prolonged war of attrition and exhaustion. This was the crux of Mr. Churchill's summation when he said: "We have surmounted many serious dangers, but there is one grave danger which will go along with us until the end. That danger is the undue prolongation of the war . . . and it is in the dragging out of war at enormous expense till the democracies are tired or bored or split that the main hopes of Germany and Japan must now reside." Franco in obesiance to his master has already talked of stalemate and offered to act as a mediator for a compromise peace.

BUT whether the war is long or short, whether it ends in unconditional surrender or negotiated peace will also depend in large measure on what happens at home. What Hitler and Tojo cannot achieve with arms they hope to achieve with political and psychological weapons in the hands of their agents and dupes within the United Nations. One must grasp the meaning of the fact that at the very moment when things are darkest for the fascist coalition, when the Nazis have suffered a crushing defeat in North Africa and are confronted with imminent invasion of the continent, there are unloosed in our country forces that seek to weaken and deflect the double-hammered blow that can destroy the Axis.

Hitler needs strikes badly—in the United States. He has been given strikes and threats of strikes—a gift of thousands of man-hours of war production irretrievably lost—by the chief agent of the pro-fascist America First Committee in the labor movement, John L. Lewis, and by factional demagogues like Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers-CIO, who try to ape Lewis' methods.

Hitler needs disunity badly—in the American labor movement. With another America Firster, William Hutcheson of the AFL executive council, acting as marriage broker, with the Social-Democrat David Dubinsky rehearsing the role of best man, and Matthew Woll preparing to give the bride away, there is arranged the evil union of Lewis and the AFL.

Hitler needs dissension badly—among the United Nations. The Social-Democratic strike provocateurs and allies of Lewis, the Dubinskys and Reuthers, concoct an Alter-Ehrlich "issue" and join with the anti-Semites in the Polish government-in-exile in spreading the Goebbels line regarding our great Soviet ally.

Hitler needs badly a drastic shift in strategy—of the United Nations. Senator Chandler, primed by shrewder men, starts a campaign for just what Hitler requires in order to obtain a breathing spell that would enable the Axis powers to escape the doom now being prepared for them.

It matters little whether all this has been deliberately planned and synchronized, or whether the forces of disruption and defeatism have merely been roused by the growing crisis of the Axis and the fear of a total United Nations victory. The effect is the same. And the danger to our country is just as great. The solidarity which has sprung up among fascists, appeasers, Trotskyites, Social-Democrats, and Norman Thomas "Socialists," all of whom glorify John L. Lewis, stems from common hatreds and common aims. To tolerate their activities is to tolerate and encourage aid to the enemy. It is to encourage the bloody prolongation of the war with all the tragic consequences that this may bring.

During the past week the Lewis putsch against America's war of survival spread to two key war industries, auto and rubber. All told, about 70,000 workers either struck or were forced into idleness by the breakdown in production. Some progressive Americans may be tempted to see in these strikes only the grievances for the workers. There is no doubt that the attitude of the Chrysler Corp., for example, has been provocative in the extreme. The company has flouted the contract with the union and refused to agree to the appointment of an impartial umpire, a proposal which would prevent such interruptions of production as took place last week. Yet nothing the company has done or failed to do can justify a strike. For a strike in the midst of this people's war hurts primarily not the company against which it is directed, but our own country and our own boys at the front. It hurts, above all, the workers themselves, whose greatest grievance is against Hitler and Tojo and who have a larger stake in this world struggle than any other section of the population. This is the point Earl Browder has emphasized and it is the view held by all responsible leaders of labor.

It is naive to regard these strikes as spontaneous. No one who has any familiarity with the labor movement can doubt that the walkouts could not have occurred without organization and leadership. The source of that organization and leadership is no mystery. Walter Reuther may disavow the consequences of his acts, but he cannot explain away the fact that at the very moment when he was endorsing the no-strike pledge at the Town Meeting of the Air and "repudiating" Lewis, his henchmen in his own West Side Local 174 were closing down the Kelsey Hayes plant in Detroit. Nor can he explain away the fact that the Chrysler strikes occurred only where Reuther supporters were influential. There was no strike at the Chrysler Plymouth plant whose workers have the same grievances but whose leaders are patriotic and responsible.

These outbreaks are, however, only a token of what Lewis and his allies plan for the country. Lewis has now moved to extend his base of operations. Having failed in his efforts to dragoon enough workers into his synthetic District 50 of the United Mine Workers to build a rival trade union center, he now prepares to use the AFL to spread his insurrection against the Commander-in-Chief, his calculated sabotage of the war. Little knaves and big fools may believe President William Green's story that the marriage proposal was oh, so sudden, but it is clear that Lewis' application for readmission would not have been made without a prior agreement. By this act the AFL executive council makes a mockery of its reiteration of the no-strike pledge. And the same gentlemen who found jurisdictional conflicts an insuperable barrier to the unification of the AFL and CIO now warmly welcome the country's most unscrupulous raider of other unions.

The Hutcheson-Woll-Dubinsky cabal who engineered this deal are looking ahead toward larger objectives. Together with Lewis and the Hoover Republicans with whom he is leagued they hope to use the AFL in the 1944 elections to defeat the policy of unconditional surrender and assure the triumph of those who stand for a negotiated peace.

AGAINST these machinations the people can best arm themselves by pressing the fight for the President's victory program at home and for the sequel to North Africa: the invasion of Europe. John L. Lewis and his fellow-defeatists among the employers suffered a setback last week when several top government officials, including Secretary of the Navy Knox, Assistant Secretary of War John McCloy, Chairman Donald M. Nelson of the War Production Board, and Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the War Shipping Administration, issued a statement opposing the Connally-Smith anti-strike bill because it would promote rather than prevent strikes. Another forward development of great significance was registered this week. The poll taxers in the House were outvoted 268 to 110 in the first test vote on discharging the reactionary House Rules Committee which had held up the anti-poll tax bill. The House then voted 265 to 105 to discuss the anti-poll tax measure. At this writing the vote is about to take place. More action of this kind is needed to demonstrate to the workers of this country, whose patriotism is our most precious asset, that the government, instead of wielding a club over them, will assure them decent wages, stabilized living costs and strengthened civil rights, so that they can produce at maximum efficiency. At the same time let us end those dangers against which Mr. Churchill warned. Let's make this a short war. The road lies through Europe—and now.

THE EDITORS.

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE PACIFIC FIRSTERS

LET US imagine that there is an electric switch on President Roosevelt's desk with which he can direct the American armed forces at will, on the spur of the moment and instantaneously, either eastward against Germany or westward against Japan. Of course, there is no such switch. But morons, politicos, and a sprinkling of reactionary military men stretch their hands toward where it might conceivably be and pretend to pull its handle westward.

Behind these maneuvers you find defeatism dressed up in military garb. Defeatism's primary objective was to prevent the destruction of fascism as a world movement. Now, with the United States in the war, the appeasers can hope only for one thing—to misdirect the American war effort so as to delay the destruction of fascism, to weaken the Soviet Union by letting it fight Hitler almost alone for another year or more, and thus to bring about a military stalemate which would insure the survival of the fascist virus and permit it to spread to the Western Hemisphere.

With these aims the dim-wits and politicos are trying to tamper with the switch. "Glacier Priest" Hubbard wants us to seize Siberian bases by force and involve us in a war with the USSR for the sake of bases which we could not even use under the circumstances. The scheme is not worthy of any sort of military analysis —it is simply a monstrous distortion of a deep, dangerous, and consistent tendency.

Now Sen. "Happy" Chandler is not a dim-wit: he does not recommend things which are impossible, at least at this moment. He urges only the next to impossible: a last minute switch of strategy from the Atlantic basin to the Pacific—as if great armies with their ponderous bases, guided, powered, and supplied over great distances, could be simply pulled in like a fishing line and cast into another spot.

NOWADAYS great strategic decisions are made approximately six months in advance, in the case of countries with "remote control" theaters of war. The decisions for this summer were made at Casablanca. To change them now would mean to condemn the armed forces of America and Britain to almost complete inaction during the 1943 summer campaign—*i.e.*, to postpone any sort of decision by arms until the summer of 1944. As Samuel Grafton puts in it his column of May 21: ". . . Mr. Chandler's plan does not mean an offensive in the Pacific instead of in Europe. It means no offensive. (That may be one reason why so many isolationists are backing Mr. Chandler. To fight where we are not and not to fight where we are; to fight next year and not to fight this year—these are the forms which isolationist thinking takes in wartime.)"

I may add that the morons in the appeaser camp go this one better: instead of fighting the war against our main *enemy*, let us fight a war against our main *ally*, they say.

But to return to sanity. Clearly, if it took us five months to prepare a comparatively small campaign like North Africa, against only fifteen Axis divisions, over lines of communications one-quarter the length of our lines to India, then it would take us ten months at least to prepare a major campaign against Japan. I say major, because I do not envisage a long and tedious island-hopping campaign against at least one-third of the Japanese army. Such a campaign can only be launched in a theater where major land action is possible, and the only such available theater is China.

UNDER prevailing circumstances China can only be reached from India. But to get to India we must not only clear the Mediterranean route, but build up naval power in the Indian Ocean, since Burma, and the road to China via Burma, can be reached effectively with large forces only by sea, via Rangoon. Sufficient sea power cannot be mustered in the Indian Ocean and adjoining naval theaters until Germany has been disposed of, or at least until the German submarine nests have been captured and what remains of the German navy has been bottled up east of Kiel Canal. Then convoys from America and Britain will be able to travel to the ports of Europe under light escort, even if major land fighting in Europe is still in progress, and our combined navies will be able to move Japan-ward.

So all the talk of a so-called full-size American offensive against Japan now is so much political football.

My remarks, of course, do not apply to Chinese spokesmen who, naturally enough, want China relieved of its long suffering; in demanding an immediate offensive against Japan they voice a perfectly human feeling—honest, if unrealistic. Madame Chiang Kai-shek told us in effect that Japan was our number one enemy. The lady was honest, but not correct. Japan cannot begin to compare with Germany in military power. Even if the original population of the two countries is about the same, there is a great difference in geography. One cannot compare the strength of a stone weighing a pound with a pound of gravel. Germany is the solid stone, Japan on its islands, scattered over the Pacific, is a handful of gravel. The "cement" which might unite this gravel into a solid stone is represented by Japan's lines of communications, i.e., in the last analysis by the shipping it can put to work on those lines. This shipping we can plague with our submarines and air power, and have done so to such an extent that Japan loses more ships than it can replace. So attrition works in this case.

JAPAN'S industrial capacity is about five times weaker than that of Hitler-controlled Europe. For example, Japan can produce only 10,000,000 tons of steel annually as against 50,000,000 tons available to Germany.

True, Japan possesses a huge "larder" stocked with all sorts of raw materials; but she has a small "stomach." The richest compartments of that larder are some 3,000 miles away from the center of Japan's industries and the country cannot afford now to build factories on the periphery of its stolen empire.

Outside of China this empire looks like a semi-circle, with a radius of 3,000 miles and its center, say, at Nagasaki. The semi-circle reaches from Kiska, through a point west of Midway, to the Solomons and from there to Akyab, in Burma. By exerting pressure against a number of points on the semi-circle we prevent consolidation of the empire and draw Japanese strength to this 10,000-mile line, thus weakening the center. It takes more Japanese effort to maintain a battalion on Kiska, the Gilberts, Bougainville, New Guinea, Timor, or the Andamans in the Indian Ocean, than it does to maintain a division in Shantung or Kiangsu Province in China.

While Germany has land lines of communications 1,000 miles long from Berlin to, say Orel, and about 500 miles long from Berlin to a potential second front in Europe, Japan has a line 3,000 miles long across water to any point on the periphery

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which we might attack. However, it has short lines to most of the fronts in China and to Manchukuo where a clash with the Soviet Union might take place.

This situation, also, makes Germany a much more dangerous foe to us than Japan.

It is reported that some of our naval circles—the most reactionary ones to be exact—have influenced Senator Chandler through Colonel Knox' "liaison man," William C. Bullitt, prompting him to make his dangerous speech. Of course, it is insulting to any of our Navy men to suspect them of wanting to overturn our entire strategy on a minute's notice. What they really want is (1) to bargain for a limited Pacific offensive, say, in the North Pacific, to recapture the Aleutians and maybe to stab at Paramushiro; and (2) to reduce the scope of our European plans for this summer.

It is quite possible that they will get their first wish—and we can afford it without weakening ourselves in Europe or upsetting our main strategic plans. As to their second aim, there are a number of possibilities.

One is to invade Europe only from the south, and that at the end of the summer; the other is to limit ourselves to bombing Germany, leaving our armies idle for another year. The first would prolong the war at least one year; the second might bring disaster pure and simple. If no land front at all is opened in Europe, anywhere, this summer, then next spring or maybe even this summer the Allied armies in England and in Africa might have to face four times more Axis troops and two or three times more Japanese forces than today.

It should not be forgotten that the Red Army today is still the only Allied force which is able to cope with ninety percent of the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe—*and* immobilize half of the Japanese army. Those who want to see the Red Army weakened by a German onslaught this June and July are playing with fire. If we don't dare attack ten percent of the Wehrmacht in Europe, what are we going to do this fall with the fifty percent of the Wehrmacht that we will have to face if the Red Army should be weakened enough to lose its offensive power for the coming winter.

The recipe for our strategy is simple: *Whereas;* the Red Army remains by far the most important fighting force in our camp because of its size, armament, organization and location; and *whereas* Germany is our main enemy: *Now therefore,* be it resolved that we do enough in Europe to help defeat Hitler, in the main, in 1943; and enough in the Pacific to prevent Japan from attacking the Soviet Union in 1943. In order to achieve this it is necessary to invade Europe from England this summer—and continue to jab at Japan's periphery, as we are doing now.

Any deviation from this plan may have dire consequences for us.

WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

ANSWER TO JOHN L. LEWIS

Washington.

Delegates returning to Washington from the recent CIO executive board conference in Cleveland express an enthusiasm not heard in labor circles for many weeks. Never before, they say, has President Philip Murray asserted his leadership more powerfully or more comprehensively. They feel that the Cleveland discussions were as crucial to the CIO's development as any convention in its history—and Mr. Murray responded to the situation with superb forcefulness and clarity.

The executive board met in the midst of the coal strike "truce" proclaimed by John L. Lewis to save his face. It met while the fate of the War Labor Board hung in balance. It met as the disrupters within the CIO eagerly planned to undermine Mr. Murray's prestige and to whittle down labor's support of President Roosevelt as Commander-in-Chief, thereby striking a blow against the war effort.

The spokesman of those who plotted to divide and ruin was Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers. At stake was the future of the CIO—whether it would be swept by factionalism, or whether it would reject the disastrous defeatism offered by Lewis and spread by Reuther.

At the convention of the United Textile Workers immediately preceding the CIO conference in Cleveland, the Lewis-Reuther "line," enhanced by Red-baiting, was advanced by James Carey, Emil Rieve, president of the textile union, and others anxious to ingratiate themselves with David Dubinsky and to get in on what they mistook for a growing trend toward Lewis. At Cleveland, Walter Reuther spoke out at the start of the session with arrogant self-confidence. But by the time the meeting drew to a close, he was crawling—not an unusual position for him—desperately trying to "explain" that he was just as opposed to John L. Lewis as any man alive, and that he had been "misinterpreted." Reuther originally relied on Red-baiting to put over his pro-Lewis arguments. He accused the CIO of accepting "dictation" from the Communist Party, of favoring incentive wages which he denounced as a disguised excuse for the speed-up, a sell-out of the workers' best interests. He challenged Mr. Murray's understanding in a wordy tirade. Reuther had been seduced by a dream—he saw the CIO stampeding to him, with John L. Lewis graciously bestowing a smile of approval, while Philip Murray, Sidney Hillman, and the rest of labor's win-the-war leaders stood deserted, isolated.

The dream was only a dream. The stampede that followed Reuther's Red-baiting was a scramble to slap him down. Joseph Curran of the National Maritime Union and Richard Frankensteen of the Automobile Workers led the attack. Then Philip Murray stepped in. He answered Reuther directly (his words were completely misrepresented by Louis Stark of the New York *Times* and other "objective" reporters hopefully awaiting the CIO's destruction). Mr. Murray acknowledged he had been accused by John L. Lewis of capitulating to President Roosevelt; by other reformers of capitulating to the Socialists; by certain members of the Catholic Church, to which he belongs, of capitulating to the Communist Party. He denied all such charges. The CIO, he reiterated, functions as an independent organization, and it arrives at decisions for itself, without consulting any political party or any body beyond the unions composing the CIO.

Mr. Murray went on to cite the positive positions taken by the CIO during the war period. He repeated the CIO's no-strike pledge; he stressed the CIO's full support of the miners, whose best interests Lewis only jeopardized by his deliberate provocations. He blasted Reuther's falsifications

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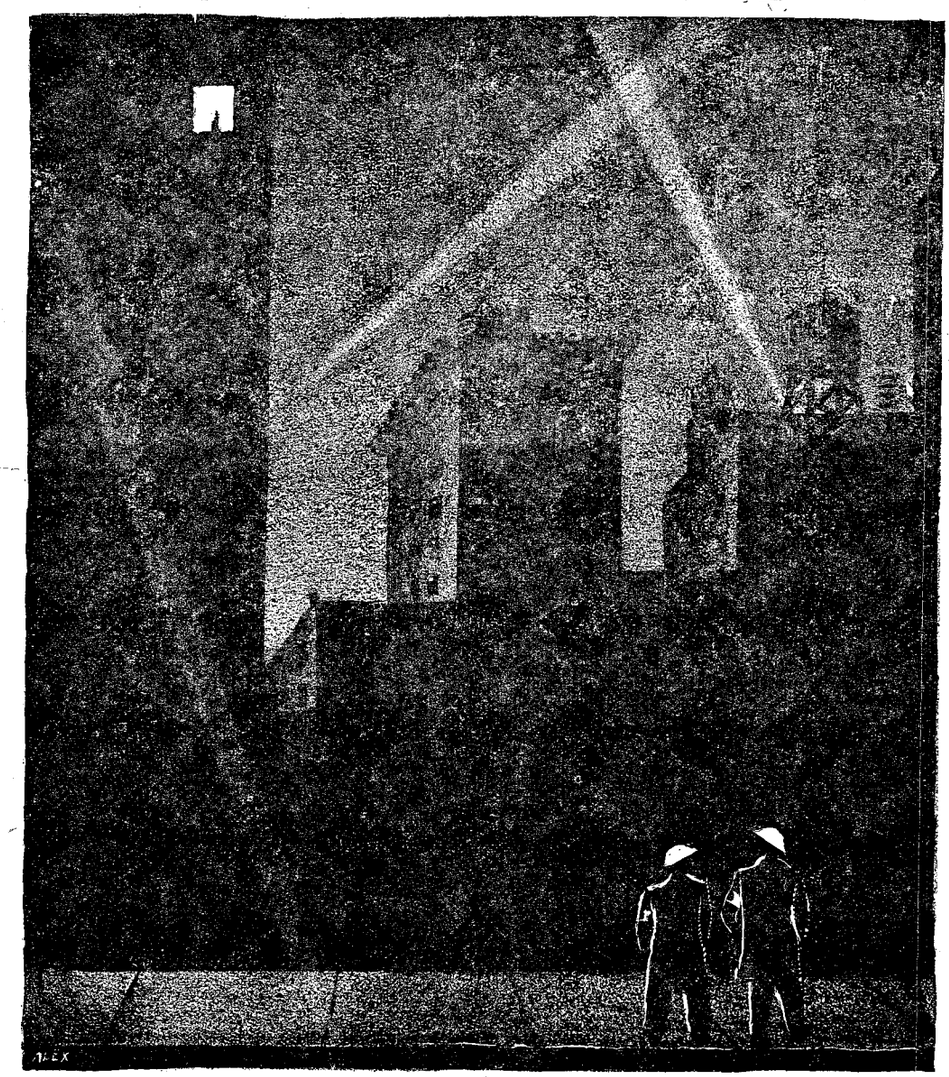

"He says he's against Roosevelt's foreign policy."

about incentive wages, pointing out that CIO affiliates had the responsibility of deciding their own attitudes on incentives in accordance with each union's particular needs. The CIO national office refused to lay down any over-all policy, but, Mr. Murray added, the Steel Workers Union, of which he is president, was studying incentive plans and would offer an equitable incentive formula to the industry in the near future.

James Carey and Emil Rieve wisely kept silent once they saw the temper of the conference. There was really nothing for them to say. Mr. Murray insisted on the roll back of prices, on democratic rationing of all essentials, on the $25,000 limit for incomes, on granting full independence to the War Labor Board by removing the authority of Economic Stabilization Director James Byrnes to review WLB wage decisions. There could be no question of Mr. Murray's complete grasp of the problems to be solved if the nation is to avoid inflation and successfully gear its economy to the war.

THE opinion heard most generally by those returning from Cleveland is that the CIO proved its maturity, and now must be acknowledged as the strongest single independent political force in the country. The CIO's initiative undoubtedly saved the War Labor Board from Lewis' assault. It gave the Board courage to order Lewis to abide by existing machinery set up to assure orderly settlement of industrial disputes during the national emergency. Moreover, the CIO prodded OPA into hesitant steps toward enforcing price ceilings and rolling back these ceilings to September 1942 levels.

The conference can well prove a turning point for labor. Ahead are critical struggles, but the CIO is stronger today than ever before. Legislation directed against the unions literally piles up in the congressional hamper. But there is little doubt that the CIO's determined stand against the Connally-Smith bill encouraged the AFL to come out strongly against this anti-union legislation, and further led such administration figures as Secretary Perkins, Donald Nelson, Secretary Knox, Admiral Land, and the four public members of the War Labor Board to inform Congress of their opposition to the bill. Labor gave the President the needed backing to defeat the Ruml tax steal; but an equitable tax bill must still be written and passed. The anti-poll tax legislation has yet to be pushed through Congress. The Office of Price Administration reluctantly concedes the necessity of rolling back prices, but so far has not acted decisively and now OPA has abandoned compulsory grade labeling. Subsidies, without which substantial roll backs are impossible, must be pushed through Congress and offered both to the farmers and to the distributors. Incentive wages exist for the most part on paper; they are vital to a constructive wage program, to increasing production, and to easing the difficulties of manpower mobilization.

The menace of Lewis, Reuther, Dubinsky, and their like continues; Lewis' negotiations to reenter the AFL which he plots to transform to an anti-administration lose-the-war aggregation are indeed a menace. (For further comment on this, see page 7.) His allies—the du Pont profiteers, the gangster elements within the National Association of Manufacturers, the political axis of poll-taxers and Hoover-Taft Republicans—are still a danger. So long as unity between the AFL and CIO is incomplete, just so long can Lewis and his backers find ways to maneuver and to confuse.

SINCE its formation, the CIO has never been confronted with a more serious threat than that raised by Lewis, magnified by Reuther, publicized by the appeasement press, and fed by the defeatist attacks in Congress against the War Labor Board and the Office of Price Administration. The CIO weathered this crisis. It emerged more united, more wholeheartedly behind President Roosevelt's win-the-war leadership, more prepared to take the offensive for an effective domestic program. A delegate back from the Cleveland conference summed up what he considered the results of the meeting:

"We have made a beginning. It is as though we were engaged in a mighty game of push-ball. The ball was rolling against us. President Murray gave a powerful heave and the ball has started to roll in the opposite direction. Even granting we have only just got under way, the start can well lead to a change in the political complexion of the nation, to a victory for labor and the progressives in the elections of 1944, not too far away to begin thinking about."

The successful conclusion of the campaign in Tunisia sets the stage for the invasion of Europe. At the Cleveland conference the CIO moved against the internal enemies who have suddenly redoubled their efforts to save Hitler. And John L. Lewis' former defiance of Philip Murray and the CIO sounds increasingly like the echoes of the Nazi fuehrer who once scoffed at the United Nations and boasted plans to enslave the world.

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MUSSOLINI'S TWILIGHT

Will Hitler defend the peninsula? Shifts and purges in the Italian fascist state machinery. The underground and the peace movement in the factories. Mary Testa explores the current scene.

THE inevitable has begun to knock on the gates of Italy. The "African Empire" is lost and under its sands lie the bleached bones of thousands of Italian troops. They were not the only casualties suffered to satisfy that criminal megalomaniac, Mussolini. For on the Eastern Front alone between the months of last December and February, 175,000 Italians were killed or maimed. And now the concentrated bombardments by the Allied air forces of Italian cities presage an invasion of the country with certain prospects of devastation and defeat for the fascists. Here is the beginning of the final chapter in the Duce's black history. Only this time it must be written by a wrathful and liberated people.

To me it is utter nonsense, even when it does come as the opinion of "experts," that Hitler will abandon his Italian satellite without a bitter fight. Nor can I believe for a moment that the Nazis will merely undertake delaying actions on the peninsula. According to one school of thought Italy has always been a liability to the Nazis and Hitler will not risk anything to save it. Up to a point there is a grain of truth in such an outlook but not much more. To Hitler the loss of Italy would mean two things he can ill afford: first, a threat to his positions in the Balkans and, second, the immediate necessity of fortifying the frontiers of southern Germany. Moreover, Italy serves the Nazis as a huge base of operations in the Mediterranean and as a passageway to southern France, both of which are of great importance to them for use against the Allies when they invade Europe. For all these reasons, and for the key reason that Hitler never gives anything away without first exacting an enormous price, I believe it sound to assume that the fighting in Italy, when it comes, will be just as bitter and relentless as the fighting in North Africa.

Hitler, furthermore, will compel the Italians to fight if he can. Mussolini, to save his own skin and that corrupt way of life to which the fascist hierarchy is attached, is already adjusting his state machinery to comply with the Nazis' diktat that the Italians be driven into battle. But here also is Mussolini's greatest weakness. The very act of compulsion indicates that Italian war weariness is such that most Italians will not fight for the salvation of a regime that has brought them to disaster. This is the conclusion that can be gathered from the threats of fascist officials and from the fascist press against the "defeatists." There have been mass expulsions from the Fascist Party on grounds of "disloyalty," "cowardice," and "lack of comprehension of fascist ideals." The last published membership figures of the Fascist Party show that there has been a drop of 2,000,000, and of 5,000,000 from the fascist youth organizations.

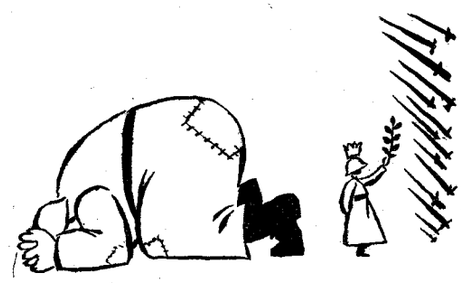
The purge has also been extended to the cabinet and to the fascist leadership. Old time party wheelhorses were replaced last February by men more experienced in the use of the club and the rubber truncheon. Some of those replaced represented the opposition within fascist leadership to Mussolini's policy of subservience to Berlin. Their successors, such as Carlo Scorza, now secretary of the party, round out a cabinet with one objective in mind—terror. Scorza, for example, early distinguished himself in the fascist movement by helping in the assassination of the liberal Minister of the Interior, Amendola. And contrary to newspaper reports there is no truth in the rumors that the four generals entrusted with Italy's defense—De Bono, Caviglia, Cavallero, and Graziani—were appointed with the view of taking Italy over. They are men chosen and trusted by Mussolini and have been his faithful followers.

NOR will Italy's internal state of affairs help the Duce win new defenders of his rule. That situation needs only one word to define it: chaotic. The national debt has risen to more than three times the annual national income. The rationing system has almost completely collapsed, and the government, on its own admission, is powerless to act against the black market. Italy's standard of living is even lower than that of the other occupied countries to which Hitler has brought his economic blessings. And Italy is theoretically "unoccupied." The bread ration—always a good index of food supplies generally—is only about five and a half ounces daily. And bread is the main staple of the Italian diet. The maximum ration of spaghetti, macaroni, and rice is about five and a half pounds a month—*on paper*. I need not underscore the fact that between what the Italian is allowed on his ration card and what he actually receives there is a gap as wide as the Atlantic.

But even these things do not tell the whole miserable story. Large sections of Italian industry are at a standstill. That is attributable to the lack of raw materials, and the shortage in coal which Germany promised to supply but won't or can't. Nor can the equipment destroyed by Allied air raids be replaced. All these factors account in large measure for the "disloyal" mutterings to be heard among Italian industrialists and in financial circles. Formerly the anchors of fascism and also its main beneficiaries in terms of super-profits and leading government posts, these lords of Italian business look askance at a policy which has already cost them their positions in world trade and now threatens their properties at home. The political picture for them becomes more dire and threatening with each passing day. Under their very noses they have seen evaporate what they hoped would be their share of plunder of an Axis-conquered world. The African adventure has exploded in their faces and their hard won positions in the Balkans are in jeopardy. Small wonder then that they have been talking of coming to terms with the "enemy" in order to salvage a few plums out of their wrecked garden.

But they have suffered nothing compared to what the masses of Italians—

1940



1943

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workers and peasants, shopkeepers and small businessmen—have been subjected. The lot of these millions, in addition to pitiably low wages, inflation, the black market, and inadequate air raid protection, has been to bear the burden of skyrocketing taxes and the expropriation of their small savings. Sicilians and Sardinians and Southern Italians, now directly in the war zone, have suffered most from the hallucinations of the balcony emperor. Always the poorest in Italy, the inhabitants of these islands and those of Southern Italy have few adequate highways and railways, hardly any schools or watering systems. I shall not even try to describe their miserable housing. The Allied air forces are making a shambles of their countryside and their hatred of fascism has become more intense than it has ever been before.

Separatist movements, always characteristic of these regions because of their exploitation at the hands of the northern industrialists, have in recent months acquired a new vigor, especially among the middle classes. Any Anglo-American landing in these areas will be welcomed and aided.

As a matter of fact, throughout Italy discontent is at the boiling point. It is expressed in mounting acts of sabotage and in the increased numbers of strikes in important war factories. In the first half of last March, Turin anti-fascists plagued the Fiat plant with a strike of 30,000 workers under the slogan "Long Live Peace." Three of the leaders were arrested and executed after a summary trial. Milan has also seen several peace strikes. In Naples an "accident" resulted in the explosion of the biggest German munitions dump. In the Brindisi naval base another such "accident" destroyed arms depots, port installations, and the military command headquarters. Guerrilla warfare against the fascist militia continues in parts of Italy, particularly in the northeastern province of Venezia-Giulia bordering on Yugoslavia. There Italian guerrillas aid the Croatian and Slovene Partisans.

Such are some of the facets of the broad Italian canvas. But its most hopeful and promising aspect is the one represented in the Italian underground. The movement's most active fighters have welded a united front consisting of Socialists, liberals of the Justice and Liberty group, and Communists. It has several illegal newspapers and its leaflets are widely circulated in the cities and in the rural districts where peasants have refused to turn over their produce to German and Italian requisitioning agents. The underground's fire—like that of the opposition within the ruling class, monarchist and Catholic circles and within the Fascist Party itself—is directed against Mussolini and his blackshirts. But despite the great strides forward, the Italian national front has not yet reached that peak of maturity where the passive resistance, the "defeatism" rampant everywhere is powerful enough to wage an open struggle and take matters into its own hands. Nevertheless, anything can happen when the Allies move in. Even if Mussolini tries to present the coming showdown as a war in "defense of the homeland" the Italian people know better. And Mussolini is already moving in the direction of creating the atmosphere of a "patriotic" war, of which he is the foremost "patriot." Radio Rome, for example, recently announced the new oath to be taken by fascists. Where formerly the oath was sworn in the name of "God and Italy," today the formula runs: "Called by Il Duce to do my duty, I swear that I will obey his orders and serve the cause of the Fascist Party with my every strength, and if necessary, with my blood."

The Italian mood is an angry one, replete with hatred and disgust for the disease-ridden betrayer. Then what is the Italian's feeling about the King? At this writing rumors are flying thick and fast that Emmanuel is preparing to abdicate in favor of his son, the Crown Prince Humbert. If this is so then the rumor itself is indicative of Italian feeling toward the King. If they wanted him he wouldn't be abdicating or permitting rumors to that effect to float around. It does seem to me that no such abdication will take place, not because the Italian people want to retain the head of the House of Savoy but because Mussolini, at this critical moment, will not permit such a move—a move that would initiate a series of events which may prove embarrassing to him if not downright fatal. And furthermore the King has yet to show any independence of the Duce's wishes. He has bowed to his every command in the past and present and has not the courage to do anything else in the future.

What of Italy's future? What will happen when the Allies land? I do not know the answers to these questions. But I do know that the answers must be left completely in the hands of the Italian masses and that no projects must be imposed upon them which can only result in violent bloodshed in the future. There are gentlemen in this country, some even lurking in the corridors of the State Department, who would repeat the Darlan fiasco. The motive as usual is not the destruction of fascism but perhaps a new coat of paint to make the fascist monster a little less ugly. It is also motivated by the idea that Italy can be knocked out of the war by simply changing a few names in the fascist hierarchy, by replacing a few of the more venal characters with a few less venal ones —Grandi or Badoglio for example. What horrifies me especially is that some people, even after all the blood that flowed in North Africa, think that they can win unconditional surrender without firing a cannon. No deals are conditional. Those with whom they are made, demand rewards for their services and the surrender, therefore, becomes immediately conditional.

Everyone reading the American press in the last two weeks must have been dismayed by the rumors that Americans have been negotiating with Italian fascists abroad, some reports even hinting that such negotiations have taken or are taking place in this country. To be sure these are just rumors but, as the saying goes, where there is some smoke there must be some fire. It is also distressing to read the report of the usually well informed French journalist, Pertinax, in the New York *Times* of May 12 that Archbishop Spellman, during his visit to the Vatican, met with Count Ciano and Dino Grandi "and others." Pertinax reports that the Vatican "was deeply concerned with the social upheavals in the peninsula that are likely to be the outcome of military defeat. . . ." Franco's peace offers have also been couched in terms which hint that the Holy See is ready to collaborate in peace moves.

This is of course the kind of political warfare which the American and British governments must completely eschew. So long as foreign policies remain unclear, tory-minded coteries in the United States will try to win cheap victories that will only give the Italian people a change of masters. These groups have already tried finagling with Italian generals captured by the British and later sent to Washington. I heave heard reports that General Bergonzoli, who headed the Italian fascist troops during the war in Spain and was among those taken by the British, has left Washington and is supposedly now in Rome.

And so it goes. The simple truth, however, cannot be repeated often enough. A genuinely democratic policy toward Italy that will not countenance any fascists, no matter how much they may publicly repent their past crimes, is of absolute urgency. And this policy must be implemented with the force of arms that will bring about an unconditional surrender of the whole kit and caboodle of Italian fascism. It will then become incumbent upon us to assist the Italian people in determining their own future without restrictions of any kind. It is for such an outlook that Italian anti-fascists in this country are pressing, along with those patriots of the Italian underground. But not enough has been done by Italian-Americans. The challenge is still before them.

Mary Testa.

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DETROIT'S MODEL-V

Labor and management get together at Packard—to do the most outstanding war production job in the industry. . . . The third article in the series by A. B. Magil.

Detroit.

THE moon-faced man picked up a sheet from the batch of papers on the table before him. "This one's from the foundry," he said and began to read aloud: "I suggest that men carrying hot pots of metal should have some system of cautioning people who are in their path other than calling to one another. Therefore I suggest they use a whistle. This would be different and more effective, keeping down accidents that will cripple production."

I was sitting in at a meeting of the labor-management production committee of the Packard Motor Car Co. The moon-faced man flipped back the sheet and read from another attached to it. This contained answers to questions on the proposal. "Is it practical? Yes. Will it be put into effect in your division? Yes. Is it original in its application to this operation? Yes. Was it in use prior to the date on the suggestion form? No. Estimated savings per year: Safety measure. Remarks: We will order the whistles mentioned in this suggestion for a trial. Signed: O. F. Carpenter." "He's the head of the foundry," said the moon-faced man to me as he tossed the two clipped sheets over to a hawk-nosed man at the end of the table.

The moon-faced man was Clyde Arbaugh, one of the labor representatives on the committee. Sitting at the end of the table was B. C. Budd, former manager of the export corporation of the Packard company, who is chairman of the labor-management committee. There were two other company representatives, D. H. Livesay and A. G. Denison, and another from labor, a lean, wiry machinist named Otis Utley. The third labor representative, James Lindahl, recording secretary of Packard Local 190 of the United Automobile Workers-CIO, was tied up at another meeting. He acts as secretary of the labor-management committee.

THAT afternoon the members of the committee, sitting around the table in an office of the Packard company, were checking over production suggestions submitted by workers, which had been sent to the appropriate division heads and had now come back with their comments. Not a world-shaking suggestion, that one about the whistle. But little practical ideas of that kind—and some are much more significant—add up and may make the difference between production that is first-rate and production that is only so-so. Sometimes suggestions may require patient and sympathetic investigation. There was, for example, the one submitted by Tony, the Italian worker. It seemed very vague to the members of the labor-management committee. They referred it back to the head of Tony's division who sent back a request for the suggestor's name. He looked up Tony and asked him to explain his idea. But Tony couldn't make himself understood in English, so the division head had him explain to another Italian. It turned out that Tony's suggestion had been written down for him by his little daughter after he had painstakingly given her the details in Italian. No wonder it seemed vague. But there was nothing vague about Tony's thinking or about his determination to help the fight against fascism. Out of his suggestion came a change in a tool that boosted production fifty percent on that particular operation.

THERE is, of course, nothing new in the suggestion system at industrial plants. What is new is that these suggestions, instead of being judged solely by management, are examined and discussed jointly by representatives of the workers and the company; in fact, at Packard's they are gone over *first* by the labor representatives alone so as to prevent this system from being abused by anti-union disrupters or subversive elements. The suggestions are of two kinds: those that concern mechanical improvements in production, and those that offer propaganda slogans, poems, and ideas for posters which are put up throughout the plant. As of April 12 there had been submitted in a little less than a year 17,242 suggestions of which 8,118 were for mechanical improvements.

The labor-management production committee is the core of a larger program, known as Work to Win, in which the workers of the Packard plant have joined with the company in a determined drive to increase production. The Work to Win program was inaugurated about a year ago with the establishment of the labor-management committee. Every man and woman on the Packard payroll signed a pledge card enlisting in the battle of production. Special awards have been devised, charts developed, and a joint publication of the labor-management committee, a handsome two-color job entitled *Work to Win!*, has been issued monthly. Unlike most labor-management committees in the auto industry, this one has actually functioned. Two of the labor representatives, Arbaugh and Utley, and one company representative, Budd, devote full time to the work, the labor men being paid by the company like other workers.

The results speak for themselves. Packard is doing the outstanding war production job in the industry—outstanding from the viewpoint of the most complete and efficient utilization of men, materials, and machines. And there can be no doubt that not a little of the credit goes to the labor-management committee and the Work to Win program. Packard produces primarily Rolls-Royce aircraft engines and engines for PT boats. The company completed 1942 quotas three weeks ahead of schedule, with the total value of its products nearly two and a half times that of 1941 and more than twice the peacetime peak in 1929. Compare this with the record of the two largest auto companies, General Motors and Chrysler. The value of GM's products was eight percent less in 1942 than in 1941, while Chrysler showed a drop of nearly thirty percent.

The achievement of individual Packard workers has been no less striking. As far as the auto industry is concerned, the race isn't even close; of nineteen new awards for valuable innovations recently given in the Detroit area by the War Production Board, Packard workers took eighteen. One of the winners was a woman and another a Negro. Packard workers have won more WPB awards—one out of every seven—than those of any other company in the nation. There is, for example, young, good-looking George Smolarek, one of the first to receive a WPB award. He suggested an idea for combining boring and reaming operations on one machine, freeing another for work elsewhere. His suggestion has been adopted in many plants and Smolarek was one of the ten "production soldiers" invited to Washington last December. There is Bill Switzer, fifty-four-year-old grandfather, who is gang leader in the inspection department on the marine engine job. He won his award for a suggestion that improved the processing of a marine engine bolt. This reduced sixteen operations to eight and saved fifty percent of the operation time. There is Michael J. Vorgitch, twenty-seven-year-old job setter, who formerly managed a gas station. By redesigning a driving dog and arbor he increased production thirty-seven percent. The large number of awards is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that, measured by American industrial standards, Packard is a relatively small concern, with only about one-twentieth the number of workers of General Motors.

How do they do it? Does Packard have a monopoly of exceptional workers? The fact is these awards to outstanding individuals merely reflect the general high level of achievement of the Packard labor force. Yet the men and women at the

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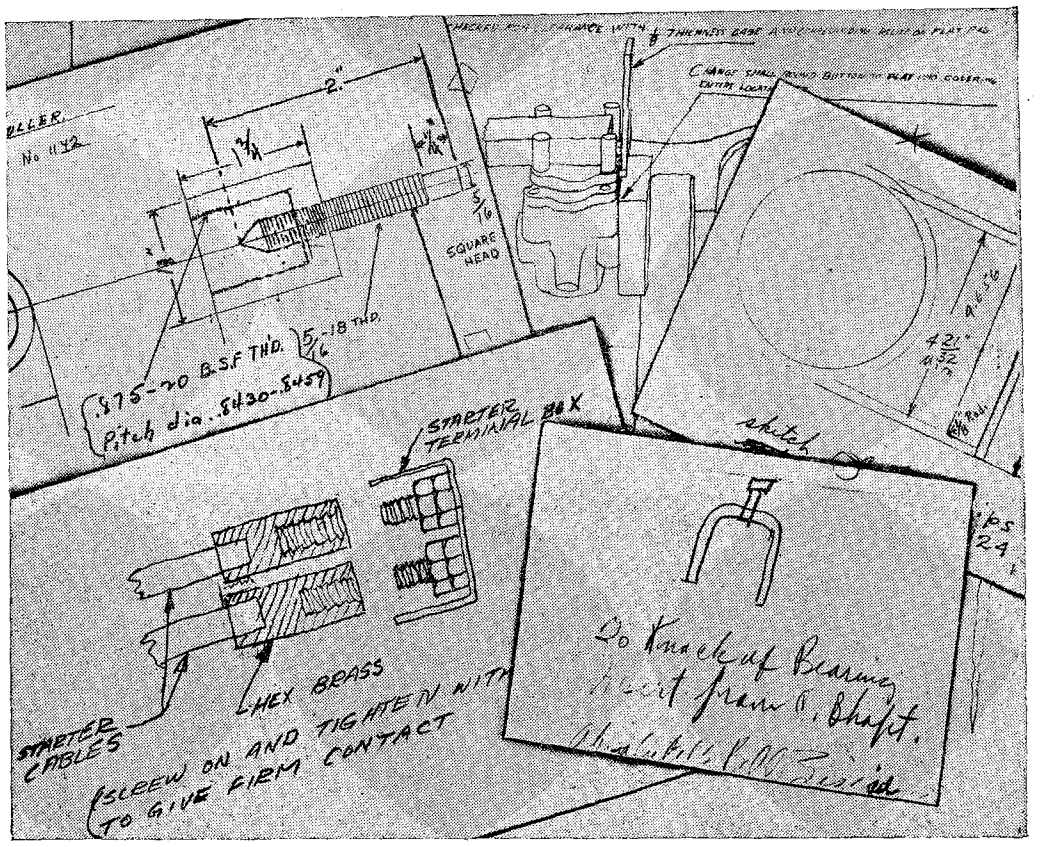
Packard plant are typical auto workers, no different from those in other factories. What is different is that the patriotism, initiative, and creative impulses of the Packard workers have been stimulated and organized through the labor-management committee and the Work to Win program.

THESE favorable conditions are a product of company policy and alert union leadership. "The attitude of the company is a fundamental factor in the good showing," Lindahl, the Packard local's recording secretary, told me when I saw him in his office the day before I visited the plant. Tall, smooth, self-assured, he is one of the young leaders that are found in key posts throughout this young, aggressive union. The company's attitude is an expression of enlightened self-interest. Like other small and moderate-sized firms in the industry, Packard has a direct economic interest in utilizing its facilities to the full. Before the war these companies were being pushed to the wall by the Big Three, General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford, which controlled ninety percent of automobile production and sales. But the limitless needs of the war have given the smaller firms a new lease on life by offering them the opportunity to produce and sell in volume. This has meant in the aggregate more profits than they made in peacetime, whereas the Big Three, particularly GM and Chrysler, have made less money on war materials (though their profits continue to be large) than on cars. Hence the greater reluctance of the Big Three to convert their facilities to war purposes and their greater tendency even today to cling to practices that impede production.

This direct economic stake in a high level of output has also motivated Packard's more progressive labor policy. It is almost axiomatic that those companies which are most interested in all-out production necessarily adopt the most cooperative attitude toward labor.

The union's role has likewise been an indispensable factor. "The local's leadership has been flexible and alert to problems," Lindahl told me. "And the entire local has kept up a constant campaign for Work to Win." There is no doubt that without the union the company could not have stirred the imagination of its thousands of workers, could not have roused the enthusiasm and effort that have placed Packard at the top in war production. The Packard local has applied the policies of the UAW-CIO as a whole. And no evaluation of the Packard achievement would be complete without acknowledging the part played by the initiative and foresight of this great union, the largest in the CIO, under the leadership of President R. J. Thomas and Secretary-Treasurer George Addes. It was the UAW which led the fight for conversion and put forward proposals for maximum war production at a time when most of the motor magnates



A sampling of Packard workers' suggestions.

were too busy making profits out of automobiles to be interested. And today, though its work is hampered by corrosive factionalists like Walter and Victor Reuther, the United Auto Workers is once more showing the way by recognizing that the new stage in the battle of production requires a different kind of conversion; not of individual companies and industries, but of our entire war economy through over-all planning and centralized direction as proposed in the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bill.

THE man largely responsible for the company's part in the Packard record is George T. Christopher, its president and general manager. On the day I visited the meeting of the labor-management committee I had the opportunity of talking for about three-quarters of an hour with Christopher, whose enlightened approach to production and labor is in refreshing contrast to that of most of his associates in the industry. Christopher is a genial, solidly built man in his early fifties, who looks at you shrewdly from behind rimless glasses. He has a direct and easy manner, his speech is somewhat roughhewn, and he gives the impression of being more at home in a machine shop than at a business executive's desk. He is, in fact, a coal miner's son who became a top-notch production man and formerly held factory executive positions with General Motors. In 1934 when Packard, which for years had concentrated on a luxury car, decided to enter the medium price field, Christopher was brought on because of his knowledge of mass production techniques. He produced the Packard 120 which became an immediate success. Today he is achieving a different but far more important success in producing for this people's war.

I wanted to know how Packard was able to make such a good showing. "You don't make a record unless you put effort into it," Christopher said. "The effort starts at the top and goes down or it starts at the bottom and goes up, whichever you prefer." As for the Work to Win program, which he had helped initiate, "We had a very large expansion ahead of us. We were sure we had to double our force and we had to get knowledge to the people faster than in a normal working period. Work to Win has helped us do that." Would he say that the labor-management committee had been the main factor in the company's achievement? "The labor-management committee has been one of the contributing factors to our success. There are always a number of factors and you never know which one is most responsible." Obviously, the Packard president didn't want to give the impression that without the committee the company couldn't have done well. "The labor-management committee has coordinated the various phases of our work," he went on. "It has educated the workers to the necessity of doing the job now. It's not a question of getting out volume for the sake of volume, but because we're doing it for a cause. We've taken on more volume than we'd ever accept in peacetime. And in that situation you can have the machine and you can have the tool, but if the man who operates the machine doesn't have the right attitude, you don't get results."

It was clear that Christopher conceived of the labor-management committee as primarily a molder of "the right attitude" on

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the part of the workers, a morale builder, rather than as an organizer and director of production. I found this same conception in another representative of management, H. L. Weckler, vice-president and general manager of the Chrysler Corp., who told me that the labor-management committees in the Chrysler plants have been set up "to expedite production by getting a better attitude on the part of the worker." I couldn't help thinking that, with certain notable exceptions, perhaps management was more in need of "a better attitude" than labor.

It is this approach to the Packard labor-management committee that is, in fact, its basic limitation. The committee shines by comparison with similar bodies in most other plants, but it is by no means all it should be. The fact that representatives of labor and management jointly handle the suggestions submitted by workers and conduct a campaign to stimulate this activity is an advance over the general practice of the auto industry where the labor-management committees either exist only on paper or are restricted by the companies to propaganda work and Red Cross and war bond drives. Yet individual suggestions, though highly important, touch on a limited aspect of production. The Packard labor-management committee does not plan the company's production program or attempt to guide it to secure the best results. It is also true that the union's approach to the committee is a bit narrow and the local does not give sufficient active guidance to the labor members in an effort to enlarge the scope of the committee's work.

IN THE course of my talks with Christopher, Lindahl, and others we touched on the problem of Negro labor. The war has given this problem a new urgency, particularly in the centers of war industry. In the Detroit area there have been some encouraging changes in regard to Negro employment. Negroes do not on the whole lack jobs and many are working at plants that were formerly closed to them. In March 1940, though non-whites (which for all practical purposes means Negroes) constituted 7.9 percent of the labor force in this area, they held only 5.1 percent of the jobs in manufacturing plants. In March 1943 a survey by the War Manpower Commission of 185 major war plants in this area showed that 8.4 percent of their workers were Negroes.

The real problem consists of the continued discrimination against Negro women and the failure to upgrade Negro men, that is, to utilize them at their top skills. In this respect too there has been some progress. For instance, what strikes the eye at once on arriving in Detroit is the considerable number of Negro bus drivers and Negro women streetcar conductors. A couple of years ago not a single Negro found it possible to pass the civil service examinations for such employment. Today there are 1,080 Negroes working on the streetcars and buses, of whom 225 are women conductors. In the factories, too, increasing numbers of Negroes are working at skilled jobs from which they were formerly excluded. Yet the situation in this respect is still highly unsatisfactory. The WMC survey of 185 major war plants revealed that whereas 20.5 percent of all white workers were employed at skilled jobs, 45.9 percent at semi-skilled, 18.5 percent at unskilled, and 15.1 were non-factory workers, among the Negroes the proportions were: skilled, 6.7 percent; semi-skilled, 31.9 percent; unskilled, sixty percent; non-factory, 1.4 percent.

It is true that because of the lack of employment opportunities in the past the number of skilled workers among Negroes is smaller than among whites. Yet I have heard of all too many cases of Negroes who equipped themselves by training at government schools being given janitors' jobs while unskilled white workers were broken in at machines. Jack B. Burke, field representative of the President's Fair Employment Practice Committee, told me of one Negro woman who had completed 950 hours of training—an extraordinarily high number—and had become expert in operating a lathe, drill press, milling machine, in inspection and aero-riveting. Though white women find 100 hours of training sufficient to get jobs, this Negro woman went to nineteen or twenty plants and was either told that they weren't hiring or was offered work as a janitress or matron. The worst offender among the auto companies is General Motors. The personnel director of GM's Cadillac plant told a Negro: "If we put you fellows on machines, that Cadillac emblem won't mean a thing." Such acts of discrimination have stirred widespread resentment among Negroes and on a few occasions have led them mistakenly to the recourse of strikes.

THERE is of course another side of the picture. When I told Christopher that union leaders felt the Packard company, like others, has been reluctant to upgrade Negroes, he denied this and countered with: "The trouble with the employment of Negroes comes from the white fellows working on the machines next to them." Unfortunately this is sometimes true, though it doesn't by any means exonerate the companies. With the expansion of war industry in the Detroit area has come an influx of some 500,000 workers from all parts of the country, including the South, many of them new to industry and unionism, some with strong prejudices against Negroes, Jews, and the foreign-born.

Such prejudices are tinder, but who has applied the flame? In March there were about twenty "hate strikes" by groups of white workers against the employment of Negroes at Packard, US Rubber, Vickers, the Hudson naval arsenal, and a few other plants. These stoppages caused the loss of thousands of man-hours of production. "In each case there was the same pattern of subversion," G. James Fleming, field examiner of the FEPC, told me. Subversion? Yes: "Definite Klan elements were involved."

The Ku Klux Klan and similar subversive groups are not new to Detroit or to Detroit war production. Last year the Packard local of the UAW waged a bitter and successful struggle against Klan elements in the plant who sought to capture control of the local. Other UAW locals have had similar experiences. Over a year ago John L. Spivak, after a firsthand investigation, exposed in the pages of NEW MASSES the activities of the KKK, Gerald L. K. Smith and Charles E. Coughlin and demanded a Department of Justice cleanup of these subversive groups that were menacing war production. Attorney General Biddle did nothing.

RECENTLY Louis Emanuel Martin, editor of the influential and progressive Negro weekly, the *Michigan Chronicle*, wrote Biddle about the "hate strikes" in Detroit. He pointed out that these strikes had taken place despite the efforts of union leaders to prevent them and despite the cooperation given the union in most instances by the managements. He emphasized that "the demonstrations of the white workers are well organized, calculated and deliberate. . . . It is our considered judgment that pro-Axis agents and subversive forces are at work among the rank and file of workers in many of these war plants. . . . The serious implications of this new wave of demonstrations against Negro war workers and the direct effect it has upon war production impel us to appeal to your office for immediate action."

I have in my possession Biddle's reply. Let me quote just two sentences. "You indicate that these stoppages have been occasioned by race prejudice against the advancement of Negro workers." Martin indicated nothing of the kind. He charged that the stoppages were *instigated* and *organized* by subversive elements playing on race prejudices. And the other sentence: "Your letter has received careful consideration, although it does not appear that there is sufficient evidence of a violation of any federal criminal statute to warrant action by this Department at this time."

I am preserving this letter for Biddle's future biographer, who will certainly not want to omit this eloquent testimony to sunshine patriotism. A. B. MAGIL.

In a concluding article Mr. Magil will report further on his experiences in Detroit and will tell what needs to be done to achieve maximum war production in the auto industry.

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SOUVENIRS OF HITLER

A VISIT TO A HOSPITAL IN SCOTLAND

THERE are wounded British Tommies in the Hairmyer Hospital in East Kilbride, Scotland. They were knocked out at Dunkirk, in the Middle East, North Africa, and as Commandos in the raid on Dieppe. Though they are a hard-bitten, tough lot of men, they have not forgotten how to weep. When the amputee seamen off the sunk Russia-bound vessels were carried into the South Wing, the Tommies could not conceal their tears.

The section of the ward which Dely and I visited is assigned to seamen. They are men with terribly pale faces, deeply creased with suffering, lips a gray-white from the great loss of blood.

When one of them asked me to sit on his bed, I noticed that the blankets lay flat below his waist, absolutely flat, and that I could sit where the fellow's legs should have been..

WILLIAM GIBBS was a watertender aboard the *Syrus*, out of New York for Murmansk. That was the June convoy.

Off Finland the raider *Tirpitz* attacked, and the convoy scattered as instructed. One at a time the Stukas picked them off, directed by reconnaissance planes that were ever overhead. If it was not a Stuka, then it was a U-boat, or an E-boat, or they were chased too close to shore and the land batteries let go at them.

The bomb that got the *Syrus* brought Gibbs through the deck. His leg was broken in three places, compound fractures, but he got over the side before the ship went down, and she sank in less than two minutes. The water in which Gibbs found himself was 35° F, three degrees above freezing. He floated about for nearly an hour before he was picked up by a corvette. When they dragged him aboard he was more dead than alive.

"The Russians," he said, "treated us very well, but they have so little, especially medical supplies. And in Murmansk the Nazis bombed us continually, coming out of the sun. I've never seen people take it like the Russians. Cheerful, joking. The nurses never left us, stood by through the bombings."

Gibbs added, after a thoughtful pause, "I'm going to lose my leg, you know. It's not growing together straight. The water was bitter cold, too. Second degree freezing, I think it was they said I had." He showed us with his fingers how the bone was set, and how it had grown.

Dely told Gibbs not to sit up so long, that he would tire himself. But he was so anxious to see a union brother that he was afraid he wasn't being a good host. An expression of suffering was fixed on his big, kindly face, his wash-blue eyes were watery, and in them was reflected long days of intense pain.

Gibbs broke out his papers, and from among them he took a list.

"These," he said, handing the list to Dely, "are the brothers that went down with the *Syrus*. You know any of them?"

We looked at the names. There were Red, Slim, Shorty, Ski.

Dely said, "Anything you want us to do when we get back to the States, brother?"

"I lie here nights," said Gibbs, "thinking what I'm going to do for a living when I get back. I can't go to sea with one leg. Maybe I could get a little newspaper stand."

"Ain't the consul or anybody been in to see you yet?" asked Dely.

"No; nobody."

"Maybe," said Dely, "they forgot we're heroes. We'll take a run into Glasgow and shake them up a little."

A sister wheeled a British seaman named Smith into the spacious, high-vaulted ward. Both his legs were off at the middle of the shin. There is something horribly obscene about stumps.

Dely, as he watched the amputee, whispered, "There but for the grace of God go I."

In the bed next to Gibbs there's a young seaman, about twenty years old. He smiles a great deal, but his face, when he isn't smiling, is as cadaverous as early dawn at sea. It is the same face of Christ that Walt Whitman found on every battlefield.

A wounded soldier from Dunkirk came over to the bed. The boy wanted to go into the garden. Throwing his arms around the soldier's neck, he hauled himself up. He was extremely light, it seemed. . . . Again that obscene sight of naked stumps, one long, the other short.

I wanted to yell: "He's got no legs!"

Instead a lump the size of an anchor ball formed in my throat.

The soldier walked off with the amputee hanging to his neck, his stump clamped about the soldier's hips. Somehow it reminded me of a bitch dog carrying a pup from one place to another.

COMPARED to those caused by freezing, the wounds of the battlefield are mild; the great frost tears off limbs like a mad beast. Winters in the Far North are long.

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The March convoy was hit hard, the June convoy hit harder, and the July convoy got the worst blitzing of all.

Across the aisle from Gibbs lies a little colored lad, a South African. He sends some hot coffee over to us.

"I know," he says, laughing, "how Yanks like good coffee. Help yourself to plenty sugar."

After they pulled him out of the freezing water they had to chop off a half of his right foot, then all of the other. Gangrene kept crawling up his legs.

The colored lad loves the sea, and talks about sailing aboard Yankee ships, real union ships, with the best guys in the world. But the colored lad will never climb into a crow's nest again, or fasten his eyes on a distant horizon, or stretch out lazy, belly full of good grub, on deck in the hot tropical sun, or feel the perfumed breezes off Bougainville Island play across his face like the softest Canton silk, or feel the thrill of riding into a strange port; new market places, faces, clothes, girls. His ships from now on will be the anemic ones of dreams, and those dreams will crash against the hard reality of one and one half legs gone.

Smith's bed is alongside the colored lad's. He has a shock of straight, prematurely gray hair. Smith has rigged up an awning against the sun. Anyone can see that a sailor made the rig. On his table are souvenirs from the Soviet, a small bust of a Red Army man, one of Stalin, a little rag doll of a peasant in holiday costume, another comical one of a Cossack, and other children's toys.

Dely, admiring the dolls, said, "My wife'd go nuts for something like this."

"Have one," said Smith. "Go on, please.

"I'll get some," said Dely, "when I make the Murmansk run."

Smith shuddered, as though a chill had run up his spine; but he said nothing. Finally Dely could refuse him no longer, and he stuck the little peasant into his pocket.

Smith is not licked. Smith has a great deal of work cut out for him. True, the loss of his legs will curtail his getting about; but it will not stop him from delivering his message to the British workers. His wounds will lend him authority; they are the decorations won in a people's war. He is going to teach the British workers to hate; for hatred directed against the Nazis is a weapon. It must be cold, scientific, effective. Smith is an authority on this, and he says he spells hatred and victory alike.

"I'm a Communist," he says, proudly. "I have no time to waste on self-pity. There is too much to be done."

A sister brings in his meal. Unlike the others, who merely nibble at their food, Smith eats heartily, calls for another helping of spuds.

ON RETURNING from the hospital, Dely and I went to see the American consul in Glasgow.

"Haven't you cigarettes for the amputees?" Dely asked.

"We can't get any over here."

"We'll get some out of the ship's stores," I said.

"I appreciate your bringing this to my attention," the consul said.

"They're getting excellent treatment in the hospital," Dely said. "But go visit them. They feel neglected. They've got questions they want to ask you."

"I'll call the consul general tomorrow first thing."

"A few words from you," continued Dely, "might make them feel as though they were still human beings, you see. As though they still belong on this earth."

"I'll do everything I can."

"How about the Red Cross? They got a hell of a big outfit here," Dely was growing angry. Consuls are famous for the way they give seamen the brushoff. "I've given plenty dough to the Red Cross," he added.

"I called them. They said they were only concerned with service men."

"Oh, Mother of Christ!" wailed Dely. "Service men. The Salvation Army is for service men, the YMCA. What the hell do we have to do, sleep in the street until somebody organizes a charity for seamen?"

"I'm quite busy," said the consul, starting for his office.

"Tell the Red Cross I gave them three pints of blood, will you? Tell them we got big guns on the rustpots now. Tell 'em, for Christ sake, we wished the Heinies had their idea about men out of uniform, will you?" By now Dely was nearly choking with rage.

ALL the way back to Gourock in the train Dely and I were sunk in depression. The skin on my face was tight, as though sea spray had dried on it. A heavy feeling seemed to be pressing above my eyes. Even the lovely, undulating Scottish countryside could not drive the picture of Hairmyer Hospital out of my mind . . . the feeling of not belonging encouraged in me by the conversation with the consul . . . the damn obscenity of naked stumps, and on so great a scale, as though the amputees were a strange people from a land where all were without limbs.

Dely was staring out of the window, seeming lost in the monotony of motion. Suddenly, without turning, he said:

"When I get it I hope it pays off in one lump sum. Death owes me that much."

I DEDICATE this story to my shipmate, Dely (John Delehanty), who while riding a cargo of land mines and TNT through the Arctic Sea to our Russian ally was, along with every manjack aboard the *Mary L—*, blown to pieces.

Dely was a former soldier of the International Brigade, and in going to his death he took with him a lion's portion of the hundred Nazi planes downed in that running battle of Murmansk.

SI PODOLIN.

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COUNTERATTACK IN VIENNA

The storm troopers killed and looted, Hitler and Goering stole the industries, the people's defenders were shot. . . . But Austria fights back with slowdown, sabotage, and guerrillas.

MARCH 5, 1938, came on a Saturday. That evening I traveled to Vienna on the same train with Arthur Seyss-Inquart, leader of the Austrian fifth column, who had just been named Minister. Seyss-Inquart, dressed in a bright green Tyrolean jacket and flanked by a noisy group of satellites, made a spectacle of himself in the dining car. I felt it my duty as a journalist to interview him. Arrogant, loud, obviously bidding for applause, he replied to one of my questions: "Tell your paper in Paris that what we're doing here in Austria is nobody else's business. It's solely the concern of us Germans. The solution of the German-Austrian problem is an internal German affair. That's the meaning of the 'German peace' of Berchtesgaden. And if the French haven't understood that, they'll soon have an opportunity to get acquainted with reality." He spoke over my head to all those present as if trying to convince the entire dining car of his importance.

One week after this incident the people of Vienna went pale as they looked into each other's eyes. Four hundred heavy Junker bombers roared overhead. Mothers clasped their children; friends shook hands with one another as if in a last farewell. Outside on the streets thousands of fanatical Nazis, most of them youngsters, filled the air with their hysterical *Heils*. But the people of Vienna were not on the streets. I witnessed their awakening, their gathering momentum, their readiness to fight during that historic week. But they were never given a chance to fight.

On the morning of March 13 the first units of the invading German army to enter Vienna were the hated Gestapo. While Hitler was still posturing in Braunau, his birthplace, and in Linz, the manhunt had begun in Vienna. SS detachments broke into the well-built workers' homes which once before, in February 1934, had been the scene of bloody struggles against fascism, and dragged men and women by the hundreds to the jails. The storm troopers invaded the Jewish section like raging animals. The pogrom lasted several days. What fun to tear out the beards of old Jewish men! What a heroic feat to toss invalids out of windows!

Hitler made his triumphal entry in Wagnerian style. As he rode along the Ringstrasse, Nazi movie cameramen, radio announcers, press photographers, and journalists painted to the world the false picture of an overjoyed population. In the first week of the occupation 7,000 Austrians were murdered by the Nazis; 70,000 prisoners were dragged off to German concentration camps. That was the reality behind the "enthusiastic" union of Austria with Hitler Germany.

THE first victims of Nazi terror were the shop stewards in the factories, the officials of the Catholic Action group, and the Jews in the synagogue district. They were the most immediate victims to heighten the Nazis' dizziness with success. Had not a new era dawned, an era of "German socialism"? Would not the little men now become great and the great men humble? Now every storm troop band could break into a comfortable Jewish home and drive the housewife and her daughters out on the street to join a "sanitation squad."

But the best sport of all was before the Archbishop's Palace, next to the stately spires of St. Stephen's Cathedral. In the past the doors of the ancient palace were almost always shut. Now both windows and doors were wide open. Priests and acolytes appeared in the windows, their faces pallid. Behind them were bloated storm troopers daring the servants of God to jump down to the street. So they refused, did they, the cowards! Hitler's men were not joking. They grabbed the priests by the scruff of the neck and threw them to the pavement where they lay with broken bones.

The truckloads of prisoners sent to Dachau, the burning synagogues, the murdered trade union leaders, the clergymen hurled to the street were not only to "amuse" the populace. They achieved a very practical purpose. For the Nazis never conquered a country merely to satisfy their lust for power or to alter the shape of the map. They look for tangible profits, like any gangsters about to "pull a job." Every Jewish businessman either disappeared in an SA barracks or was forced to hand over his business to an SA leader.

The petty SA leaders had to be content with modest little dress shops and cafes. Thus these businesses were transformed from centers of Jewish greed "harmful to the race" into "Aryan people's property." But the big bosses, Hitler's immediate collaborators, received the choicest morsels. At Goering's order Baron Louis Rothschild was arrested in his sumptuous residence and kept under guard until he signed a paper transferring to Goering the Vittkovice Works, the largest steel trust in Czechoslovakia.

Shortly after the Nazis' entry into Vienna, fat Goering himself arrived and announced to the Austrian people that from now on they could consider themselves liberated. When he left Vienna, he took with him to Berlin the gold of the Austrian National Bank, valued at 240,000,000 shillings. At the same time the Third Reich expropriated 160,000,000 shillings of foreign-owned property and 300,000,000 shillings of foreign-held stocks and bonds. And while he was about it, the Reichsmarshal "liberator" of Austria had several trucks loaded with cases containing the finest paintings of the Vienna Kunsthistorisches Museum and the world-famous Albertina Gallery. But those were trifles, scarcely worth mentioning.

He left his brother Albert behind in Vienna, with the task of keeping within the family whatever big business transactions there were still left to be completed in Austria. So the most important industries fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Hermann Goering Trust took control of the greatest magnesite works in Europe, the Veitscher Magnesit A.G., as well as fourteen percent of the largest Austrian ore mines, the Alpin Montangesellschaft in Styria, including one famous deposit which produces the best iron ore in Europe next to that produced in the Swedish ore mines. Fifty-six percent of the stock of the Alpin Montangesellschaft was already in the hands of the Ruhr magnates at the head of the United Steel Trust (Vereinigte Stahlwerke). One year after the occupation of Austria, the United Steel Trust was forced to dispose of its shares to the Hermann Goering Works. The Goering Trust had meanwhile set up its Austrian headquarters in Linz. It was headed by Albert Goering, and Guido Schmidt, Foreign Minister in the last Schuschnigg government who betrayed his country for an executive position with the Goering combine.

THE Nazis murder thoroughly. They are never satisfied with just killing. They know that that is not enough if the spirit survives. So from the very first they set out to remove all traces of Austria. The University of Vienna, where once the great philosophers Mach and Jodl taught, where renowned doctors founded the Vienna school of medicine, was cleared of Jews and its outstanding teachers were driven to exile or suicide. The Vienna Burgtheater, once a magnificent center of dramatic art, was occupied by Goebbels' literary storm troopers and debased into a temple of Hitler-worship. Libraries were closed, "racially alien" books were burned. Anything that bore a trace of the Austrian national character was blotted out.

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THE resistance to alien Nazi rule began with its inception. It is even older. When Schuschnigg returned from Berchtesgaden and told his friends in the so-called Fatherland Front how he had been humiliated by Hitler, a wave of popular feeling for the first time swept across all parties and classes. It was the will to national existence. But the way was not easy. For four years the Austrian workers had been outside the law, after their heroic defense of democracy in February 1934. On Feb. 24, 1938, Schuschnigg delivered a speech. He called upon the people to rush to the aid of their threatened homeland. The people heeded the call. Within a few days, more than 1,000,000 factory workers had signed a pledge to struggle for Austria's freedom and independence. These workers were at their posts when the cry came: "Hitler is standing before the gates." Men and women who for four years had met in cellars or in the woods, ever on the alert for spies and provocateurs, again assembled in their homes and sang their songs of resistance with raised fists.

Now they were ready to fight against Hitler for a free Austria. Their accredited representatives went to Schuschnigg and told Dollfuss' successor that only a democratic Austria could successfully resist Hitler. They demanded restoration of the democratic rights which had been taken away in 1934. United in their illegal movement, they were the decisive force. Without them there was no serious possibility of defending the nation. But this time they were not alone. The Christian trade unions were in agreement with the revolutionary workers. Well-to-do citizens, whose only political credo was the word Austria, trembled at the thought of becoming Prussian subjects. In the historic week of March 5-12, 1938, the movement spread across the land like a tidal wave. Vienna was about to become a second Madrid.

The plebiscite which Schuschnigg had set for March 13 would have been a crushing defeat for the Nazis. Ninety percent of the Austrian people would have voted for independence. The land in which Hitler was born would have rejected him as a degenerate son. To prevent this Hitler invaded with panzer divisions and dive bombers. As in every later instance, he was helped by fifth columnists within the country. And because of Schuschnigg's surrender, open resistance became impossible. But scarcely twenty-four hours had passed and the Austrian anti-fascists entered their second period of illegality. This time, however, there was a difference. Now all the forces of national resistance were joined. Today all sections of the Austrian people are contributing to this stubborn resistance.

SIGNS of this resistance are many. Armaments workers stage "slow-downs," oil tanks disappear mysteriously from the river ports on the Danube, munitions dumps explode, troop transports are derailed, barns go up in flames, housewives demonstrate at the market place against the food shortage. In the fifth year of the occupation and the fourth year of the war the Nazis have had to admit publicly that they have not succeeded in breaking the resistance of the Austrian people. On June 19, 1942, the German radio announced that a large scale "purge" was under way in Vienna and the "Lower Danube" Gau (the new Nazi name for the former province of Lower Austria). The aim of this purge was to isolate "anti-social elements" and render them harmless.

There were, for example, the three workers' leaders, Karl Graetz, Josef Neuhaus, and Dr. Franz Weiss. Forgetting their old party quarrels, they worked closely together to set up an illegal organization in Graz devoted to sabotage of the Nazi war effort. At the end of August 1942 they were executed. During the last week of October 1942 eight other anti-Hitler fighters were executed in the provincial capital of Styria. From the middle of September to the end of October 1942 forty-six executions were announced in Graz, supposedly the capital of Austrian Nazism.

But who can count the victims in the Gestapo's torture chambers and concentration camps, or those "shot while trying to escape"? According to a reliable estimate, from the occupation in March 1938 to the end of 1942, 17,000 Austrians have given their lives fighting for the freedom of their native land. Ninety-seven thousand have rotted in German prisons and concentration camps. The number of Austrian Jews deported to "extermination centers" in Poland has risen to 160,000.

Since the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union acts of sabotage by Austrian workers have steadily increased, filling their Nazi slave drivers with fury. News from the London and Moscow radio travels from mouth to mouth. Who can prevent the "grapevine's" functioning? The results: Production has dropped seventy-five percent in the Simmering railway shops. The big plant of Urban and Brevillier in Florisdorf has been burned to the ground. Boilers have exploded in the Hermann Goering Works in Linz and in the airplane factory in Wiener Neustadt. In a large arms factory in Schuetzenberg the German inspector found a large shipment of artillery shells defective and unusable.

SO MUCH for the home front. Events in the army are equally significant. After the 1938 occupation the Austrian army was dissolved, with some of the troops transferred to German garrisons and placed under German officers. The Austrian officers' corps is filled with a deep hatred of its conquerors. Apart from a handful of traitors, most Austrian officers were anti-Nazi even in peacetime. During the war Austrian units have been carefully "larded" with Germans and sent to the most dangerous sectors. The German paper *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* has admitted that the Austrians have suffered the highest losses of any units in the German army. By the end of 1941 the number of Austrian dead, wounded, and captured reached 300,000. This figure gives one an idea of what has happened since then. Austrian war prisoners in the Soviet Union held a congress in March 1942 at which details of conditions in Austrian units were disclosed. The 262d division from Vienna has lost 15,000 men. A Viennese prisoner, Karl Kraul, said that he was one of the few survivors of his battalion. Three times it had been replenished and then wiped out in Norway, Yugoslavia, and on the Eastern Front. The last time it was re-formed the battalion consisted mainly of forty-five-year-old men. A constant stream of Austrian deserters from the Finnish front crosses the Swedish border. Increasing numbers of Austrians are going over to the Red Army. Many save themselves by self-inflicted wounds. Soldiers home on leave refuse to return to the front.

They hid in the mountains from the German military police. But they soon realized that hiding was not enough—they had to defend themselves. In the spring of 1942, 400 Austrian deserters crossed the Yugoslavian border and joined the Slovenian guerrillas. Borders are not so difficult to traverse in the mountains. The guerrilla movement spread to Austrian soil. In the autumn of 1942 the German High Command had to send reenforcements to Austria to cope with the movement. Austrian guerrillas surprised military posts in Carinthia and Styria. Their leaders addressed an appeal to the people. It was answered by hundreds of volunteers joining their ranks. They obtained arms the way guerrillas do.

The following incident shows how Austrian guerrillas and workers form a single army. It occurred in September 1942. A "storm troop" detachment appeared in uniform at the railway station of Spielfeld. They said they had orders to take over a munitions train which lay waiting in the station. The station master found this quite natural so nobody disturbed the "storm troopers" at work. They boarded the trains and rode away unhindered. Later it was revealed that these partisans, cooperating with the railwaymen, had switched the train to a little-used side track where other guerrillas were waiting with trucks. And the munitions destined for the German army on the Eastern Front were put to better use.

The fight for Austria's independence is symbolized by the guerrillas, the workers' resistance, and by the behavior of the great majority of the Austrian people. They wait with longing for the day when they will again exercise their right of self-determination in their own way and according to their own sovereign will. BRUNO FREI.

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READERS' FORUM

Choice of Emphasis?

TO NEW MASSES: I am not versed in matters of esthetic theory nor do my literary interests run beyond an appreciation of good writing, but I would question Sally Alford's introductory paragraph in her review of Upton Sinclair's *Wide Is The Gate* (NEW MASSES May 18). Miss Alford seems to divide personality from historical currents when she writes that the choice before a "thoughtful novelist" is whether to emphasize the "infinitely complex life of the individual" or "the complicated interrelations of a society."

I do not believe that in reality such a choice of emphasis exists. To be sure, how well both elements are welded is dependent on the writer's talent—a talent comprised not only of native gifts but on his perception of the world in which he works. There are writers, and the name that immediately comes to mind among contemporary novelists is Sholokhov, who understand the process of interaction and with their craft endowments thereby achieve the rank of greatness. But what I would like to press home is that no novelist sits before his typewriter and says that I will delineate character in all its richness at the expense of the character's surroundings either immediate or remote; or that I will map the surroundings at the expense of the character. No book I have ever read has done that. What has happened is that the writer has been able to achieve both only in so far as he has a clear grasp of both. Mr. Hemingway for example in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has done both without consciously trying to emphasize either. The book, however, is unsatisfactory because his understanding of character is more often than not puerile and the Spanish milieu of which these characters were a part is also beyond his comprehension.

It seems to me that the whole problem resolves itself not on the basis of the emphasis which Miss Alford suggests but on the basis of that integrated understanding of life and times, as it were, without which craft alone is sterile.

EDITH ROGERS.

Chicago.

A Better Word

TO NEW MASSES: It seems somewhat inaccurate, at this date, to use the word "appeasement" to describe reactionary activities in some State Department circles. In the Munich days, appeasement meant tossing the baby to the pursuing wolves, to slow them down while the parents escaped. It was a gesture of weakness, real or assumed, toward the military strength of fascism. And since the war began it has often been correct to call our own defeatists and isolationists appeasers, both for the nature of their activities and to point out their identity with the Munichers.

But when NEW MASSES and other magazines describe our past policy in North Africa in the early stages of the campaign as "appeasement" they are stretching the word too far, and playing right into the hands of those reactionaries who justify such policies as "military necessity." We are not weak; and the little tinpot fascists in North Africa were not strong. There is no necessity, military or otherwise, to snuggle up to the butcher Franco. Were certain people in the State Department "appeasing" the powerless and detested Otto of Hapsburg when they created an "Austrian" regiment full of Czechs and Yugoslavs and Poles for him to lead? Was it not rather building up a reactionary protege of their own creation?

The same might be said of our flirting with Finland and Franco. It must be said, too, for the English and American support of the government-in-name-only which falsely claims to represent Poland—a government full of anti-Soviet, anti-Semitic elements with unquestionably fascist aspirations. Are some gentlemen in Washington "appeasing" the Polish government-in-exile, or backing it against an ally for purposes of their own? It would be as logical to call Martin Dies' Red-baiting campaign an appeasement.

To use such a euphemism nowadays is to lend color to the lying excuses of weakness and unreadiness offered against the opening of the second front. It is also to provide our Berles and Bullitts with a ready-made smokescreen, behind which they hide activities undertaken not as concessions to the enemy abroad but as expressions of the most reactionary trends within. One need not look far for a better word than appeasement; honesty and courage demand the accurate word fascism.

MATTHIAS LINDSAY.

Baltimore.

"Mission to Moscow"

TO NEW MASSES: My fourteen-year-old daughter and three of her high school friends went to see *Mission to Moscow*. They came back enormously stimulated and talkative. "That's what we like to see on the screen," said Jackie. "It's all so mixed up when you read the papers, the *Daily News*, for instance, we get the idea the whole world's just a mess of hatred and lies. And some of the movies just give you a sort of pipe dream, like a lullaby for a baby. We want to know what the world's about. That was the first time I ever got anything clear about Russia—that picture."

I asked her if it was a dull film, as some of its enemies had claimed. "I only wish they could make history that interesting in school," said my daughter. "I'd get better marks on the Regents. Do you suppose they'll ever be able to make history films instead of history books, and teach us that way? It would be so much realer!"

The children's reaction ought to answer the underhand pretense that the film is boring, one of the methods used by its critics to keep the American people from learning the truth about Russia. If *Mission to Moscow* is dull, so is the war, and so were the struggles of the depression years, and so is every man's hope of survival in a decent world. Even the worst film technique could not have spoiled such vital material, and *Mission to Moscow*, it seems to me, has extraordinarily fine technique. No one has remarked on the power with which it uses sudden arrests of the conspirators to establish an atmosphere of mystery and terror, cleared up so satisfactorily by the trials. It shows why there was fear in Russia—not fear of Stalin's government, but fear of the spy organization that tried to poison the country's life.

Certain critics object that the film is almost entirely conversational and has little action. How do they suppose an ambassador carried on political negotiations—by potting enemy spies with a pistol from the roof of his Embassy, like the hero of a spy thriller? There's no objection to talk, when it covers significant subjects that can only be expressed in words, and I for one found Davies' film conversation with Stalin far more vitally dramatic than acres of leg shows, torrid love scenes, bank robberies, and hide-and-seek games with sourpussed Gestapo agents—all of which come under the heading of action. There are as many effective kinds of film technique as there are kinds of subject matter, and *Mission to Moscow* shows what can be done with the drama of nations.

MRS. A. J. MCGUIRE.

New York.

Cheers

TO NEW MASSES: It seems we are moved to criticism quicker than to praise, or I would have written long ago to voice my appreciation of the movie reviews. There is more than one publication which I trust and follow politically, but only on NM do I rely in this artistic field.

I do not think Miss Davidman is "anti-love" (Editha Bollendonk, April 27) and if she does not have the enthusiasm for jazz that a certain section of our population has: neither do I.

We have a fine paper on the Pacific Coast, the *People's World*, and yesterday the Hollywood correspondent quoted cameraman James Wong Howe, to the effect that there is a "need to guard against allowing the audience to become conscious of the camera instead of the story." I agree here, too. I feel that Lester Cole split some hairs—but I am sure Miss Davidman can take care of herself.

MILDRED STUEWE.

Los Angeles.

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THOUGHTS OF A BLOOD DONOR

THE good red blood of my hometown is flowing into those bottles. Flow, good blood, to the stern battlefronts on all the continents of the world. The bottles pile up; the nurse tells me many more folk than usual showed up today. Men streamed in from their offices and their mills; women from their homes and workshops. An air of deep camaraderie permeated the humble basement of the Methodist Church where the Red Cross had set up its apparatus. I sized up the donors; they are the stuff of our town. Many of them I know, many know me. But it doesn't matter here whether we know each other or not. The sacred rite of patriotism makes us kin. The nurse tells me she has two brothers in the service, as she deftly seeks the exact spot on my forearm for the little thrust. "I want good blood, the best," she says. "Take it, sister," I say. "I hope it suits."

As I lie down on the cot I look about the room. No label on the little bottles says Republican, Democrat, or Communist. Nor do I see any that reads Protestant, Catholic, or Jew. (It remains a travesty of our democracy that it still says "Negro," but as I look about the room I know that that lunacy cannot prevail much longer.) Good blood is flowing from the veins of men and women of all parties, religions, and races. It is happening all over America. And you cannot tell the difference in these bottles. There is only one question: is the blood good enough for our fighting men? Any other question is profane.

Here, I think, looking about at my fellow-Americans, here is our war. Here in this room is America today. I see the local banker lie down on the cot and extend his bared forearm just as the Italian laborer did, on that same cot, a moment before. Blood for our fighting brothers knows no class distinctions. Here is the essence of what we call national unity; that blood flowing into those bottles is our war effort. It flows, rich and deep, for America's victory. Drop by drop it is gathered, from all America, to defend our motherland. Our country is in danger, and they come. That little tired-looking woman who ushered me into this room has been through it four times, she told me simply. Two quarts now. Her brother is in the army somewhere in Africa. Her brother and his buddies are in America; they fight to keep us free men; she gives of her life-stream to keep them fighting. She speaks the sacred truisms of the patriot.

How long, I ask myself, as the blood is flowing, before this rite becomes the total symbol of the land? Here, in this basement of the Methodist Church is maximum unity; this is patriotic war. The letting of blood is no divisive process; it is the essence of unity. Nobody has "investigated" your station or beliefs. There is only one question—service! Is your blood good enough for the men at the fronts?

How long before this becomes the criterion of our land?

I think, as I see the bottles filling up around the room, this is the total opposite to the enemy's way of life. There they have misgraded blood; it is Aryan or it is worthless. The corpuscles have been libeled; science, man's wisdom, has been rejected; the lie of barbarism is enthroned. But here, in this commonplace community church basement, the law of civilization reigns. Here is the truth—and men and women come to offer their life-blood to save that truth. Here corpuscles are red and white; they are not in the pattern of the swastika.

How long before America learns the moral of blood-giving?

AS I LIE here I think of the spurious bars to our total war contribution. I know men prevented from offering their best because of untruthful distinctions. I think of the 12,000,000 Negroes; I think of others who are ready to offer everything but may not, because of outdated prejudices which rival the evil of *rassenhasse*. The political alchemists of Berlin who concocted the blasphemy of racial blood also invented the monstrous lie of the Bolshevik menace. Everything good, everything that moves man's welfare ahead—the New Deal, international cooperation and fraternity, the unison of classes and colors within countries—all stem from the "Communist menace." Communists, they told the world, have no love for country. That is as true as a Nordic corpuscle. What evil it has wrought! And there are even some patriots who still accept it. I think of the havoc the Dies inquisitors have brought, of the progressive men they hound from places where they can offer their talents for their country. I think of the same phenomena in labor. And I think too of the defense some of these men offer. "We are not Communists," they cry (and most of them are not), but that is not the real issue. For in saying that, they fight on the enemy's terms. The criterion is this: does the man seek to give his strength, his ability, his life-blood to save our country? If he does, then he is a patriot. That must be the yardstick. Victory demands all our strengths, all our talents, all our bloodstreams, to merge into one gigantic whole that will overwhelm the enemy. The question can not be "Are these men Communists?" It must be "Are these men willing to fight to destroy the common enemy?" Any other question in this patriotic war is fatal: as deadly as air-bubbles injected into an anti-fascist's bloodstream by a Gestapo fiend.

I THOUGHT of these things as the nurse took the paraphernalia from my arm. By the way, I say to her, I knew one of the men who perfected this process. He was Dr. Norman Bethune, a Canadian. His work in the Spanish republican war proved extremely valuable to our military medical service. "Oh, yes," she said, "I remember reading about him." I remembered the millions of bottles the Spanish civilians offered up of their life-blood in their great struggle for democracy, the sovereignty of their homeland. And of the thousands who came from all over the world in the International Brigades —so many of them Communists—to shed their blood for the democracies in this first great battle against the Axis. And I thought of the many veterans of that war here who are today penalized for having understood and battled the menace before the rest of the country awoke to the danger.

I told the nurse that Dr. Bethune had died about a year ago in China, died helping our ally there. "He did a fine, brave thing," she said.

It so happens that Dr. Bethune was a Communist. And would America dream of rejecting his great offering because he believed in the brotherhood of man? The answer was here, in this humble basement of the Methodist Church, where the patriots came to offer their blood. Some day, soon, it will be understood in all America, I thought, as the Red Cross nurse gave me the little button which the blood-donors fastened proudly on their lapels.

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UNDER THE SKIN

Jim Crow at home, imperialist racism without, give the Axis a weapon against America. . . . True democracy and the darker races. Carey McWilliams' new book reviewed by Bernhard J. Stern.

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN, *by Carey McWilliams. Little Brown & Co. $3.*

THIS is a courageous book that must be read by everyone who wants to know America. It is the real *American Tragedy*, a story packed with heart-rending frustration, and with ideals betrayed. The characters that people its pages are real people; the situations it describes are not imaginary. They are Negroes, Indians, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, Puerto Ricans, and Filipinos—the discriminated against colored minorities of the United States. To most Americans, the book will convey the surprise and suspense of a tale told for the first time. For when Americans discuss minority problems and castes, they generally focus their attention on other lands, and are blandly oblivious to the fundamental realities of the American scene. True, the war has changed the situation somewhat. More people are outraged by manifest injustices such as lynchings; some have become sensitive to the facts of discrimination in employment; more see the incongruity of the existence of Jim Crow regulations and other types of segregation in a democratic society. But the extent of ignorance and indifference is appalling, and few are fully aware of the manner in which color caste toward other minorities as well as the Negro is webbed into the fabric of American life and law.

THIS book conveys the story with powerful clarity and conviction. Carey McWilliams has assembled much new and relatively unknown material, but even when he presents the more familiar evidence of discrimination, he has suffused the data with new vitality because of his integrated and purposeful treatment. His book is concerned not merely with the ethics and etiquette of race relations but also with the practical connotations of this area of the unfinished business of democracy. He does not come to describe successes and failures or to bemoan the record of ignominy and infamy, nor merely to protest, to warn, and to commend; he boldly offers a program of action. It is this that has tended to abash some reviewers, who are otherwise sensitive to the implications of the story which he has etched with such stark perspectives and dramatic intensity.

Overshadowing and interpenetrating the discussion of colored minorities in the United States are the realities of the global war of the democratic nations against fascism. Carey McWilliams does not forget this for a moment. He is alertly conscious of the manner in which existing policy and practice provide a fulcrum on which the levers of Axis propaganda can be placed to alienate millions of potential and indispensable supporters of the Allied cause. The story of the treatment of the American Indians is not told abstractly, but in terms of our relations with the Indian peoples of Mexico and Latin America. The Oriental Exclusion Act and the historical and contemporary local, state, and national policies toward the Chinese and Japanese are evaluated not only in terms of their domestic resultants, but in light of their repercussions throughout Asia. Puerto Rico is not merely an insignificant island, it is a crucial test in national policy on which the eyes of colonial peoples are focused. Caste discriminations against Negroes are considered in the broad setting of their impact upon the peoples of Africa and of Asia whose trust and support the democracies require to emerge victorious over fascism. The lesson of Burma, of the Straits Settlement, of French Indo-China, of the Dutch East Indies, whose native inhabitants welcomed the Japanese because of the policies of the white imperialists, is driven home with effective strokes, as is the lesson of the contrasting defense of the Philippines by the Filipinos. The message of the book is clear and unequivocal: the United States must emerge from the myth of white man's dominance, and its domestic racist policies of discrimination against the darker peoples, if it is to survive. The age of "the white man's burden" has passed. The native darker peoples of Asia, Africa, and South America are no longer acquiescent to dominance, and the mistreatment of colored peoples anywhere in this land is heard around the world.

Carey McWilliams

THERE is, in addition, the vital fact of domestic morale. Americans cannot fight a people's war without full confidence in the cause for which they fight. And to millions of Negroes and other darker peoples, there are serious misgivings that have to be erased by fundamental changes in law and in custom which will grant them equality in a democratic society. The Axis powers are fully aware of this Achilles heel of America's body politic and their attempts to pierce this vulnerable spot to disrupt the war effort must be counteracted by a positive program of change.

The author presents an outline for action in these opportune times. He gives specific proposals applicable to each of the minorities but also a general program. His evidence proves the system of bi-racialism, which has been in effect since the federal government after 1876 left the Negro problem in the hands of the South, is an obvious failure. He contends therefore that the time has come for the legal recognition of the fact that the Negro question is no longer a sectional but a national issue. He would have the federal government establish as a matter of national policy, the principle that there shall be no discrimination against individuals because of race, color, creed, or country of national origin. This declaration can then be implemented in a countless variety of ways. It can be written into grants and subsidies to states and local communities as a condition to appropriation, as has already been done in a number of cases. The principle of non-discrimination can be written into every government license, which could be revoked through non-compliance.

The weakness of the federal government, he points out, has always been its failure to enforce rights guaranteed by the Constitution. The first step would therefore be the reenactment of a new federal civil rights statute to protect the rights of racial and national minorities in this country. The author proposes a Fair Racial Practice Act, which would follow the pattern of the

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National Labor Relations Act in method and procedure, and the enforcement of which should be delegated to a similar administrative agency. This would provide administrative enforcement as a matter of public policy, rather than for individual enforcement as a matter of personal privilege as at present. Unfair racial practices could be largely eliminated by the issuance of cease-and-desist orders, after the pattern of the Wagner act, for the powerful sanction of the government will work toward that end. Opposition could be anticipated, just as there was violent opposition to the Wagner act, but compliance could eventually be secured. McWilliams also favors the establishment of an agency in the federal government directly concerned with minority problems, carrying on the tradition of the enlightened policies of John Collier, who has made significant progress in revising the federal government's policy toward the Indians. This agency should be authorized to initiate specific action programs or at least to recommend their initiation.

These are obviously not revolutionary proposals. They are the minimum beginnings of an effective solution to the problem on which the future of our nation rests. Yet in the circles that have been discussing these problems for years, they have aroused some dissent. Curiously enough, persons who have always previously stressed the values of the legislative process are now hedging by saying that "legislation is not enough." They declare that you can't legislate attitudes, but education must come first. Carey McWilliams would be the last person to deny the necessity of education. But his own experience as the Director of the Division of Immigration and Housing in the State of California has given him firsthand knowledge of what an effective educational agency a government bureau, clothed with official authority, can be in the hands of progressive administrators. To raise the objection to legislation on the basis of the hazards of enforcement, is the counsel of despair. As one reads Carey McWilliams' book, it is of great interest to note how recently most of the policies that guide America in relation to minorities were formulated. They are not so crystallized that they cannot be changed. Not to do so by bold, decisive action will make a mockery of our struggle for freedom and in the end doom us to defeat. The time is now.

BERNHARD J. STERN.

Confused Anti-Fascism

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY, *by John T. Whitaker. Macmillan. $2.75.*

WHITAKER hates fascism fiercely. His brother is a surgeon, and served at Bataan. He himself has undergone two serious operations to make himself physically fit for military duty. A foreign correspondent for a network of some fifty papers, Whitaker wrote his first book (*And Fear Came*, 1936) as "penance for cynicism and disillusionment, those whores of journalism who debauch the truth." Even then he was earnestly trying to understand and describe the causes of the spreading war to arouse us from the paralysis of our foreign policy. He already realized the relation of politics to war. Not many foreign correspondents in 1936 were warning us, as Whitaker was, that Hitler's weapon was Red-baiting: "Anti-Communist nationalism is the stock in trade of every modern demagogue—Mussolini, Hitler, Metaxas, Hearst." He had seen at close range how imperialist diplomats undermined the League of Nations and destroyed the foundations of collective security; he had accompanied Mussolini's legions into Ethiopia. He knew fascism for what it was, "economic monopolism" bent on war.

In *We Cannot Escape History* Whitaker builds on this store of knowledge, and adds to it. He reminds us that it was in 1938 that he was filing dispatches warning that the Anti-Comintern Pact of the Axis Powers was aimed not primarily at the Soviet Union but at us. And he concludes on the positive note that collaboration between our country and the Soviet Union is essential to victory and peace.

The book has definite values. Whitaker exhibits in high degree the craft qualities of our foreign correspondents: vivid and

Let Us Be Sudden

I place among you a child who questions you.

What is this war?

We know it is tears and blood.
We have seen the pale faces under the stars
And the lost places at the table. Wars
Are ghastly things in blood-soaked uniforms.
We know that. We know the mother's heart,
And the lover's heart, and the endless shedding of tears.

But this is not a war like any war
That has gone before. What about me?

See!
I place the child among you to question you.
Something is broken if we lose this war,
Something lost and killed, over and above
The flesh and blood spilled and the lover slain.
God give me words to make it plain to your ears,
And through them to your eyes and to your hearts!
I show you the child.

What shall my future be?

What shall his future be—slave or free?
For this is why you fight or do not fight,
This is what you decide by what you do
Today, tonight, hearing the trumpet voices
Calling to battle for this child who questions you.
Who answers Slavery? None?

If that were true!
There are men among you who would have him slave.

I say beware of them, crash into Europe
Over their barriers. I say to you
No payment is too much, no money payment,
No men, no time, no tears, no blood. I say
O brothers, we can lose this war and die
In far more agony than any soldier
Knows on the battlefield, if we fail this child.
He will be cattle for the ruling race,
Your little child, if they can beat rebellion
Out of your body and his stunted mind
And give him God in Adolph Hitler's image.

This is the future if we lose this hour.
But strike across the English Channel now
With our white lightning at the black Nazi world,
The hour will buy us golden days. We purchase
All mankind's humanity to come.
O brothers, it is spring, the May is here!
Let us be sudden as the rain of spring!

HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

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often moving narrative and description of events seen at first hand, intimate notes on interviews formal and informal with Personages, easy readibility. But he also suffers from the craft ailment of moving too much among Personages; he sees too much from the top, too little from the the bottom.

His chapters on Germany are among his best. He properly challenges the too common notion that Hitler and the Reichswehr General Staff are opposing forces. After the purge of Roehm and his associates on June 30, 1934, Whitaker asserts, "Hitler became the prisoner as well as the leader of the German generals." He dismisses as unfounded the idea that Hitler seduced an unwilling High Command to invade the Soviet Union. Writing of France, he explodes the misconception that the Popular Front and labor's social gains were the cause of the collapse of French resistance in 1940, and makes it very clear that it was the "200 families" and the Petains, Lavals, and Weygands who were responsible. Whitaker's picture of England's popular resistance to the heaviest air raids adds to the already notable accounts of that great stand.

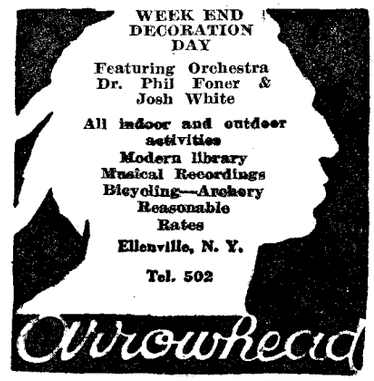
But the high point of the book is probably the chapter on Spain, "A Slight Case of Murder." In Spain practically for the duration, he spent most of his time in Franco's camp, but also served for a while as a correspondent among the republican forces. His firsthand account of Franco's butcheries should make many a placid American "non-interventionist" smart and cower. He wields the lash of honest indignation at the apologists who regard Franco as "a great gentleman" and a "great Catholic." He knows also who is responsible: "The rebels never had a chance to win. Victory was won by the Germans and Italians, who twice rescued Franco from imminent disaster, and by the United States, Great Britain, and France, who denied arms to the Republicans. . . ."

One of the most encouraging features of Whitaker's chapter on Spain is that it proves that he can learn from reflection and later experience. In 1939, in his book *Americas to the South*, he still was judging Spain in this wise: "As between the sides in Spain we had no interest, but in the nature of the victory we were gravely concerned." Or thus: "Is it [Chile] going to be the first Spain in this continent to afford a bloody field of battle to fascism and Communism?" Yet by 1943 the meaning of what he had witnessed on both sides was so much clearer that he could see the struggle as one between democracy and fascism in which *his* side lost. This evidence of a capacity for reevaluation is important because the book has dangerous shortcomings and real evils that it is to be hoped he will outgrow.

He still does not, for instance, understand fully the nature of the British policy of appeasement. Underestimating British Tory fears of the people at home and hatred of the Soviet Union abroad, he regards Chamberlain as a blunderer who accidentally built up the power of his future enemy. He even thinks Chamberlain turned from appeasement on March 17, 1939, two days after Nazi armies burst into Prague. He forgets that for another six months the anti-Soviet guiding principle of Chamberlainism prevented Britain and France from establishing an alliance with the Soviet Union against fascism. It was on March 19, 1939, that Stalin, reporting to a Communist Party Congress, declared that the Soviet Union would not become a catspaw for imperialists, but would insist on being dealt with honestly and as an equal. The policy of appeasement is three-dimensional in that it built up the Axis as an anti-Soviet force, and then found the Axis turning against the very powers that nourished it; to attempt to explain appeasement two-dimensionally as the blind building up of an enemy is to underestimate the menace of the forces of appeasement. The issue is not academic, because the appeasers and defeatists are still powerful in our midst, working for a "negotiated peace," delaying the invasion of the continent of Europe, all because of the anti-Soviet orientation that is the heart of appeasement and that leads them to subordinate American national interests to class hatreds.

Connected with this failure to understand appeasement is Whitaker's description of the Soviet Union. Whitaker's is the maleficent distinction of having some of the most old-fashioned anti-Soviet material, of the vintage of Lyons and Valtin, to be published in the past two years. These chapters climax Red-baiting and Soviet-baiting notes that had crept into other sections. When on Feb. 6, 1934, the French fascists turned their thugs out onto the streets, Whitaker says, "The Communists put out their thugs too," a blind and churlish comment on those who led the movement that saved the republic that year. He is not above speaking of "Leon Blum's Socialists and Joseph Stalin's Communists" who were, of course, "under orders from Moscow." But then, even Sir Stafford Cripps speaks "the orthodox language of Moscow." Apparently Whitaker can forget as well as learn.

Whitaker undertakes a strange task in his sixty pages on the Soviet Union. Nettled for some reason by the fact that millions of people are beginning to reexamine their prejudices against the Soviet Union and the basis of these prejudices, Whitaker makes it a point to reassert many of the old slanders and to add some new ones. Tilting explicitly against Joseph Davies as largely responsible for this reexamination of anti-Soviet views, Whitaker in-



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sists on polishing up the old discredited accounts of, for instance, the treason trials. In his desire to emphasize that he regards the defendants as political innocents brutally purged, he goes to the length of quoting less than honestly from *Mission to Moscow*. Singling out quotations in which Davies expresses his sense of personal horror that men with whom he had dined and in whose homes he had been were now in the prisoner's dockets, Whitaker does not quote Davies' *judgments* that the accused were undoubtedly proved guilty of the crimes charged in the indictments! With reference to the execution of Tukhachevsky and the other traitor generals, Whitaker spins an incredible interpretation based on nothing more than his refusal to believe that they could have been guilty. Yet he himself had written in 1936 in *And Fear Came*: "Walter Duranty would bring us the latest information on Russia's preparations for defense and give his own judgment of how long the 'Bolshies' could maintain supply in a war either on the German or Japanese fronts, *as well as a glimpse into the activities of certain pro-German generals who were opposed to the policy of Litvinov.*" (My italics.)

Perhaps one reason he is so wrong about the Soviet Union is, as he tells us, that he took some of his interpretations and "facts" from a man like "foreign correspondent" Paul Scheffer, contact man of the Gestapo named in the trial of the traitor Chernov, and described by Ambassador Dodd in his *Diary* as "this Scheffer who was a Social Democrat a few years ago, was several years in the United States as a correspondent for the German free press and is now a good Nazi" (first edition, p. 363). When last heard from, Scheffer was being kept in an internment camp in the United States as a dangerous enemy alien.

Because at least one reviewer, George N. Shuster in the New York *Times*, is of the opinion that Whitaker's account of an interview with Litvinov late in 1937 is "historical evidence of first-rate importance," it should be noted, first, that Whitaker *reports* nothing that Litvinov had not said publicly, at the League of Nations and in addresses in the Soviet Union, many times. As a Marxist and Stalinist, Litvinov knew that the policy of collective security he was promoting *might not succeed*. Yet Whitaker prefers to interpret his interview of 1937 as signifying that Litvinov "faced squarely the realization that his own foreign policy *had failed*." The actions of the Soviet Union and Litvinov after this interview belie the interpretation: the Soviet Union aided Spain and China, and offered to defend Czechoslovakia even after France reneged on its military guarantees to Benes. In short, Litvinov continued to try to build the fortress of collective security even though neither he nor the Soviet government had any illusions about the *possibility* of failing. The might of the Red Army is evidence of a state of both diplomatic and military preparation to frustrate *all* imperialist plans to destroy Soviet power. Sober historians, I am sure, will find more reliable evidence on Soviet foreign policy than they can derive from a dubiously reported and extravagantly interpreted interview of which no stenogram exists. Soviet diplomacy, after all, is open diplomacy.

Of what value is Whitaker's conclusion that we must cooperate with the Soviet Union if it is prefaced by chapters of dangerous distortion? It is not enough these days to say that the Soviet Union is good enough for those Russians, that it fights well (despite the loss of its best generals!), that it is strong industrially (despite the Soviet Communist Party!), that it may in time become as democratic as we are. A firmer foundation of truth is needed for sound relationships in peace and war between a capitalist United States and a socialist Soviet Union. Whitaker undermines such a foundation. While he may be fighting fascism passionately on some front, the book he left behind him is weakening his own military rear. I am sure he will distinguish enemy from ally more acutely in action than he does in this book. Meanwhile his and our nation's enemies will take comfort from these crucial chapters. May his fourth book be more coherent on the anti-fascist plane.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

Let the People Sing

TILL THE GRASS IS RIPE FOR DANCING, *by Aaron Kramer. Harbinger House.*

TODAY there are young poets coming to swift maturity through the stresses and emotions of the war. In the last few months we have seen such works as that of Margaret Walker and L. W. Feher, the one published as prize winner in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, the other published by the author; both of them extraordinary talents. Having been accustomed to print small editions of snob poetry for prestige, commercial publishers are slow to risk introducing these more genuine

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and less showy works to the public at large. Consequently many young writers like Aaron Kramer, whose admirable book is the subject of this review, are compelled to print their work privately. Thus what used to be mere vanity publishing is now bringing out our best new work.

Till the Grass Is Ripe for Dancing is a collection of poems of the boyhood and early manhood of its author; inevitably, the verse is frequently uneven and experimental, sometimes a shade naive. None the less its defects, at their worst, are only signs that the author has not yet realized all his potentialities. His work is already remarkable not only for rhythmic fluency, the united simplicity and distinction of its language, but also for genuine originality and emotional power. It is easy to be "original" through spectacular screwiness, like Dali and Saroyan, but very hard to be original in the true sense; to look at the world with brand-new eyes. Mr. Kramer achieves this, as a poet must.

Conscious of growing pains, he classes some of his poems as "uncertain gropings toward a path." There is nothing uncertain, however, in his incisive record of a depression childhood. And the warmth of his relation to his parents accompanies the story of cold poverty precisely as, in the work of many neurotic middle class poets of the last twenty years, an arrogantly prosperous background sets off a grim picture of family hatred. There was a time when poets seemed to consider it obligatory to be maladjusted. But Mr. Kramer, in the exquisite group of lyrics called "Love Poem for My Parents," demonstrates that mental health is no disadvantage to a poet.

My days were sunny and calm
each summer out on a farm;
no child that lived before
danced higher, ever sang more;
though mother's face went white
every payday night.

Similarly, "Blood Donation" is that rare thing, a convincing and heartwarming song of motherhood.

Once my hands were new.
I scrubbed at all the floors.
My son walked on oilcloth
fresher than wild flowers. . . .

Hitler came at night
and I could not lock the room. . . .

Hitler came at night
with loud boots and a torch.
The trees and the books
turned to ashes at his touch.

Jar, little jar,
drink swiftly and be full.
There are sons across the oceans
and you must not fail. . . .

Profoundly a poet of the city, he has the extraordinary knack of investing the commonplaces of the streets with just such an ecstatic wonder as Keats brought to his perilous seas and faery lands. One of the loveliest of his short lyrics is addressed to the lady on the film in a Coney Island penny arcade; "Dusk of the Gods" brings to life a child outgrowing the wistful dreams of the comic books. One need only quote a few passages to display his mastery of image:

In the hour between the sun and moon
a trolley crawls from streets of granite
past alleys passionate for gloom. . . .

or a passage on snow in the city:

Looking down I try to dream
this will feed no gutter stream
and, marble-strong, refuse to die:
one more beautiful white lie.

Or the fire in the dance-hall in Natchez:

It grew like a windy cornfield in a storm
of smoke. . . .
The fire ran after and climbed their
clothes.
Smoke crawled through fingers into eyes
and nose.
They screamed, "Oh Lordy, save us!"
But the door was small.
The fire tore coffins out of the wall.

Yet it would be doing Aaron Kramer an injustice to discuss only his felicity of expression. He is more than an observer; he has convictions and can express them passionately. He makes a tribute to Robeson express the unity and courage of the people's fight; makes out of Coney Island or a Hans Andersen tale not only incisive social comment but a signpost toward the future. One section of his book is devoted to the war—France, China, Lidice, the death of Lorca, the fight on Bataan; and the best of these, like the "New Symphony" which celebrates Shostakovich or the magnificent "Hymn," combine awareness of the problems of this war with the unusual power of discussing them in poetic terms. Mr. Kramer is one more proof of the unconquerable and innate poetry of a people starved for poetry.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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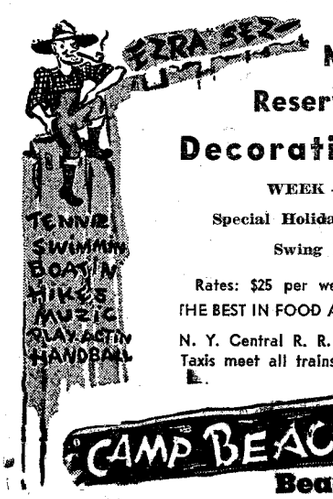

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Nazism and Religion

IT'S YOUR SOULS WE WANT, *by Stewart W. Herman, Jr. Harper. $2.50.*

NAZI Germany is a Christian country. Indeed Nazi Germany has statistically a better claim to be called Christian than has the United States, since ninety-five percent of the German people are church members as against only some fifty-four percent of Americans. How then explain the appalling paradox that a nation of professing Christians supports the vilest form of fascism?

Dr. Herman, a minister who spent six years in Berlin, gives no explanation. Yet the explanation is clear. German Christians were terrified by the "Bolshevik bogey" into supporting Nazi paganism. They supported Hitler because he promised to defend them against Bolshevism, because he demagogically proclaimed a nebulous "positive Christianity," because he maintained the system of state support of the Church. For these reasons most German churchmen were content to keep silent about Nazi iniquities. To put it crudely most German churchmen supported Hitler in return for his protection of church property and privilege. They may now be disturbed, as Dr. Herman is, because Hitler has failed to keep his part of an immoral bargain but they do not see that the bargain itself is immoral, or that they accepted the bargain out of an unjustified and unworthy fear of the Soviet Union.

Unfortunately Dr. Herman is infected with the same fear. His book therefore lacks any moral or intellectual basis for anti-fascism. He is shocked by Nazi excesses, horrified by their blasphemies, but essentially only disappointed in Nazism because as he puts it "something went wrong somewhere." Indeed Dr. Herman is still so terrified by the "Bolshevik bogey" that he arrives at the staggeringly false and dangerous conclusion that: "It remains to be seen which of the two forces [Christianity and Communism] will come out of the war in a better condition to make the final peace, because, even though they entered into a temporary truce with each other, it is unlikely that the truce could or would be continued after the common enemy has been destroyed."

In other words Dr. Herman hopes that the Soviet Union will emerge from the war too weak to share in the peace, and he expects with equanimity the dissolution of the Anglo-American-Soviet coalition immediately after the end of the war on the grounds of religious differences.

Unfortunately these opinions cannot be dismissed as the aberration of a young minister who stayed too long in Berlin; they reflect the sentiments of clerical fascists and they derive from the false premise, so invaluable to Hitler, that "Christian civilization" is menaced by Bolshevism.

This false premise is implicit throughout Dr. Herman's book, and gives a malicious twist to his comments. For example, "there is no doubt that the Nazis feel themselves to have been very badly repaid for their rescue of Christianity from sure death at the hands of the Communists." Again, "after all, not much difference was to be perceived between the Marxian method of slitting the church's throat and the Nazi method of strangulation." Again, "to some of Germany's Christians, many of whom had supported the Nazis only as a bulwark against Communism . . . this reversion [Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union] brought a tardy relief from the nightmare of a terrible fear" of Bolshevism.

Fear of Bolshevism, a corroding fear of our great Soviet ally, prevented Dr. Herman from gaining any valid lesson from his experience as American pastor in Berlin. The lesson that he might have learned, the lesson that American churchmen must learn from the tragic betrayal of Christianity in Nazi Germany is simply this: fear of the Soviet Union makes fascists, and fear for the churches' properties and privileges makes clerical fascists.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Young Guerrillas

STRUGGLE IS OUR BROTHER, *by Gregor Felson. Illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. Dutton. $2.*

LET it be said in honor of the juvenile editors of our country that they have never sown in the anti-Soviet slime out of which too many adult book editors have raised a wonderfully malodorous but golden crop. However, this encomium must remain largely negative, for neither did the juvenile editors publish more than half a dozen books about Russia among the thousands released in the last twenty-five years. Consequently, the reading child had to acquire his information about the land which covers a sixth of the earth either from conversation at home or from the often viciously distorted views of Soviet-hating teachers. That is why we must particularly welcome Mr. Felson's Russian guerrilla story and hope that its reception will encourage the publication of more juveniles designed to stimulate an interest in and friendship for the most fiercely fighting anti-fascist people in the world.

Struggle Is Our Brother has limitations. Nowhere is there an intimation that Soviet Russia is something new in history, is a departure from an older Russia, or is in any way different from any other nation. The collective farm, scene of the action, might be any farm community in America. No one in the book appears as a Communist. There is so little attempt at characterization that the reader is unlikely to feel any twinge of emotion at the injury to or death of any of the story's people. Some of the pages read too much like verbatim excerpts

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from Yank Levy's handbook on guerrilla warfare, while a goodly portion of the middle section has the quality of a comic action strip.

But these faults aside, *Struggle Is Our Brother* is a fast action story bound to leave the eight- to twelve-year-old reader feeling that Russians are people very like his own; that they are fighting heroically in a common struggle with us against a common foe; and that they deserve our deepest admiration and friendship. Moreover, the fascists are uncompromisingly depicted as menacing the lives and freedom of all mankind. The book begins on the day of the Nazi invasion. The enemy has swept rapidly into the Ukraine and has captured the great American-Russian built dam before the Red Armymen can pull the secret switch that would destroy it. Mikhail, young sheep-herder of a local Cossack collective farm, joins the guerrillas and dedicates himself to the task of blowing up the dam. It is an appalling dedication, for the dam represents life and the bright promise of the future. But because Mikhail senses that man is above man's works and because he believes in himself and his people, he finds the courage to turn the proud Nazi capture into so much rubble.

Woodi Ishmael's strong, spacious illustrations constitute a powerful supplement to this often exciting tale of guerrilla warfare.

HARRY TAYLOR.

ERROR: In A. Landy's article, "Wrong On All Counts," which appeared in our May 18 issue, the price of the book *America, Russia, and the Communist Party*, published by the John Day Co., was listed as $2.75. The correct price is $1.25.

FILMS

"Masquerade"

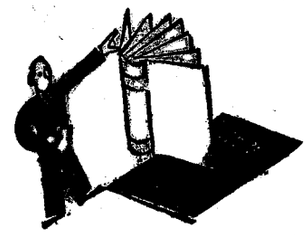
A verse tragedy by one of Russia's classic poets.

LERMONTOV's *Masquerade* is perhaps the most unpromising film material imaginable—a rhymed tragedy derived from *Othello* and watered down with the pompous Byronism of the early nineteenth century. Its story of a jealous husband who murders his wife through a misunderstanding was hackneyed a hundred years ago; its long speeches and lofty sentiments are certainly hackneyed today. Death scenes an hour long, gentlemen who lurk about waiting for revenge, and bitter world-weary heroes are hard to take seriously in the grim modern world. So it is astonishing that Gerasimov, the director of the Soviet film version of *Masquerade* now playing at the Stanley, has managed to do arresting things with the play.

For a Russian audience the interest must be very high. Lermontov is one of Russia's classic poets and an early revolutionist, and his play has some acid things to say about the butterfly and caterpillar princelings of czarist society. Historically and culturally his work is significant; *Masquerade* was made, indeed, to commemorate his anniversary, and fits into every Russian's cultural background. His poetry is reportedly very lovely; the lines of *Masquerade* sound musical even to American ears. Moreover, the Russian audience has a tradition of rhymed tragedy which it accepts, just as the French astonish other nations by accepting and enjoying Racine.

Americans, unfortunately, lose most of these values. The beautiful verse is perforce translated by inadequate and rhetorical prose captions, and the form and content of the tragedy are alike alien to us. We perceive little of the play itself except the elaborate silliness of the plot and the elaborate pomposity of the sentiment. Lermontov's hero, the brooding and disillusioned Arbenin, believes his young wife unfaithful because of a mix-up over a lost bracelet. He promptly poisons the poor girl and gloats over her dying agony. At her funeral, however, an old enemy of Arbenin pops up with shattering proof of the girl's innocence. Arbenin goes wild and jumps out of the window.

AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING audience cannot help comparing this with the infinitely finer *Othello*. And *Masquerade*, for this and other reasons, must seem to us a lesser film than it actually is. True, there is much that is bad in the text, though little in its execution. But what makes it hard for us to enjoy *Masquerade* is partly our own cultural orientation, our concentration on a single film style—that of superficial naturalism. Our films, too often false and trivial in content, try to create the illusion of reality by the most minute attention to external detail—commonplace speech and slice-of-life decor, so that you might actually be looking through your neighbor's window. But the romantic verse-tragedy is not concerned with external fidelity. Its aim is to present life symbolically and with heightened intensity, and its conventions are quite different from the conventions of naturalism. The film version of *Masquerade* is a bold experiment in recreating the romantic theater, and what seems bad in it is often only strange. One cannot rule out romantic verse-tragedy, with its enormous place in the world's literature, by declaring that it has no right to exist.



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Just what the director and cast of *Masquerade* have attempted may best be understood through a consideration of MGM's comparable experiment a few years ago in the filming of *Romeo and Juliet*. This vast Hollywood fizzle was neither naturalist nor romantic; it was a sad mixture of whatever styles came into its participants' heads, against a background of meaningless and ludicrous pageantry. The defects of certain modern actors, the commonplaceness of their charm, were never so apparent as in their sharp contrast with Shakespeare's lines; and the lines themselves were butchered to make room for fancy production-numbers in which Juliet practically turned ballet dancer. *Masquerade*, in contrast, has a style and sticks to it. Its staging, its acting, its photography, and even its lighting are in the exact key of the original play. That is why Mordvinov and the other actors abandon the simple naturalness usually characteristic of Soviet films; that is why they perform in the florid style of the last century. And they do it superlatively well for the most part; there are moments when Mordvinov electrifies you with a glance, transfixes you with a scream. Stagy and unreal, if you like; yet this kind of acting preserves the play's inner harmony, and it is difficult to imagine how else it could be acted with understanding.

Staged and costumed more lavishly than any Hollywood super-duper, *Masquerade* has an intentionally fantastic splendor. Its masked ball, for instance, is photographed impressionistically. You see the mad dancers out of the corner of your eye; a hand, a fan, a glitter of sequins, a couple kissing in corners. In consequence, the tragedy takes place against this flickering and changing background without the slightest loss of time. *Masquerade* is, in its way, a triumph of direction; its transitions are not only smooth, they are electrifying. In spite of all its claptrap, its tedious long speeches, its absurd characterization, the film has such burning intensity at times that one longs to see its technique applied to a better play.

★

THE manufactured campaign against *Mission to Moscow* has called forth stinging rebukes for its sponsors from many sources. Harry Warner and Walter Huston, the producer and star of the film, have issued statements analyzing and confirming its contribution to good fellowship among the United Nations. The distinguished poet and critic, William Rose Benet, has this to say in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (May 15):

"I enjoyed it and thought it a grand film . . . one which presents Russia and the Russians as a human sort of place full of human people, instead of as a bogeyman's paradise. . . . It is not necessary to agree with all of the ambassador's findings. But the work he has been doing to cement good feeling between Soviet Russia and ourselves deserves better of any slick young critic." The reference is to one Manny Farber of the *New Republic*, who wrote a column of abuse distinguished alike for bad judgment and bad taste.

Victor E. Devereaux, director of the Americanism Department of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, declares the Trotskyite campaign "a bald, sedition-breeding effort to save their faces at the expense of the American way and the war effort of our country," adding a scathing comment on Dewey's fake Commission of Inquiry which whitewashed Trotsky. Still more thoroughgoing is the superb analysis by Arthur Upham Pope in the New York *Times* of May 16, which quotes Trotsky's own boast to Emil Ludwig that he had organized a fifth column in the Soviet Union which waited only for a foreign invasion to do its dirty work. Every attempt of Dewey to misrepresent Soviet foreign policy and the conduct of the trials is exposed by Dr. Pope as pure fabrication, and the film *Mission to Moscow's* raison d'etre is admirably defined. *Mission to Moscow's* function is to answer twenty years of lies about the Soviet Union with specific truths.

It is this function that Eugene Lyons resents in his four articles in the New York *World-Telegram*, four reiterations of the same years-old falsehoods. Article One objects to the film's depiction of appeaser statesmen as fools and charlatans, as though it were possible for any film to express one-tenth of their folly and charlatanry. For the most part, however, it is an attempt to manufacture "a cyclone of nation-wide indignation" out of the protests of half a dozen known Trotskyites like Eastman and Hook and Wilson, of two lady columnists, and of a couple of notoriously anti-Soviet individuals and publications like the Social-Democratic *New Leader*. The critics cited above have squelched this thimble cyclone, as have the professional firm reviewers whom Lyons airily dismisses as incompetents. Even more has it been squelched by the American people, who continue to break box-office records at the theater where at last the truth about our ally is visible on the screen.

Article Two: the film omits mention of bacteria which sometimes get into food in Russia, no doubt placed there by the hands of Stalin himself. The film rearranges and telescopes the trials. To this objection, Mr. Pope: "A film representation of a trial that took days has to be a synthesis to be intelligible. All the defendants were part of the movement, and it was artistically justifiable, as it was the moral fact, to represent them together." And Mr. Benet: "It (the film) necessarily had to telescope matters and simplify certain situations. The medium of the motion picture makes this

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inevitable. . . . I am no more of a starry-eyed Communist about Russia than is Ambassador Davies—just a guy who likes to see fair play."

INCIDENTALLY, Lyons and Dewey should have checked their stories with each other. Dewey said Tukhachevsky had "no trial"; Lyons says that the military men who tried Tukhachevsky in secret have since been executed themselves!

Article Three: repetition da capo with some new epithets. Also, Davies did not write his own book, Lyons hates Roosevelt, and the pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists are "nearly all now fighting the war as passionately as Mr. Davies."

Article Four: back to the trials. They were all frame-ups, asserts Lyons; and in addition tens of thousands were killed, hundreds of thousands driven into exile. Strange that this mass movement across the Russian frontier was not reported at the time. Lyons adds that Davies did not at the time believe in the guilt of the accused (untrue; see book); that Davies intervened on behalf of one conspirator (untrue; he explicitly refused to do so after informal discussion of the case with Soviet officials, pp. 46-50, *Mission to Moscow*).

There is nothing accidental in the virulence of the Trotskyite attack on *Mission to Moscow* as a symbol of the understanding between two of the United Nations; it comes just as the second front is imminent, just when the isolationist and appeaser and Hitler-inspired forces of this country are doing their utmost to frustrate the war effort and protect Germany, just when fascism makes a desperate final effort to drive a wedge between the Soviet Union and her western allies. Here we see in the open the collaboration between fascist and Trotskyite which has gone on so long undercover, and which *Mission to Moscow* itself lays bare.

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